

CINEFANTASTIQUE

Volume 11 Number 4

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and career of
Ray Harryhausen*

*The Early Years:
1920-1957*

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The r... with a '... of Wonder."

DECEMBER, 1981

Ray Harryhausen's new movie, CLASH OF THE TITANS, opened in June to a salvo of the worst trade reviews he's ever seen. "An endless array of flat, outdated special effects that are a throwback to a bad 1950s picture," said *Variety*. Arthur Knight in *The Hollywood Reporter* called Harryhausen's techniques "not only antiquated but primitive." Harryhausen, according to friends and associates, was crushed and mystified by the vehemence of the negative reviews.

Only weeks before, Harryhausen had taken time off from his promotional tour for the film to show it to a group of his fans, now colleagues, working at George Lucas' ILM facility. Many of the effects staff there had grown up watching his films, taking inspiration from his work to enter the same field. They previewed for him a reel of their own effects for DRAGONSLAYER, including the dragon's incredibly realistic march through a darkened cave. "Nice movements," Harryhausen is reported to have said in compliment. Nice movements indeed, like the proverbial handwriting on the wall.

What trade reviewers reflected in pegging Harryhausen work as "outdated" are the new and higher expectations for "effects pictures" since Harryhausen released his last movie, SINBAD AND THE EYE OF THE TIGER in 1977. Since then we've had STAR WARS, CE3K et. al., and those folks at ILM have developed their own variant of dimensional animation called "go-motion" which blurs the film image and removes the tell-tale jerkiness of Harryhausen's process.

But if this past summer marked the end of the Harryhausen stop motion era, the public seemed not to notice. DRAGONSLAYER, with its pristine Vistavision composite effects (Harryhausen is the only effects master *not* using a large film format) and the most amazing stop motion ever seen, flopped belly up while CLASH OF THE TITANS went on to become one of the summer's biggest hits.

Despite the flush of success, Harryhausen was said to have been troubled by those negative reviews throughout the summer. Food for thought, maybe.

Frederick S. Clarke



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From the director of *Hard Core* comes a poetic, soft-core remake of Jacques Tourneur's horror classic, featuring Nastassia Kinski and shape-shifting makeups from The Burman Studio.

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This feature-length cartoon requires no cels, no paint, no in-betweens, no ink, no Xeroxing and no final drawings. Impossible, you say? Not when the animator is a computer.

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COMING

THURSDAY THE 12TH

Will scary yucks mean big bucks? That's the big question as the spoof sweepstakes begins.

By Jordan R. Fox

It could be argued that satire is often the last gasp of a moribund genre; when something's been done to death, perhaps the only thing left is laugh at it. At least, that's what director Alfred Sole is counting on with THURSDAY THE 12TH, one of the

few studio-financed productions in the onrushing onslaught of genre spoofs (see sidebar).

According to Sole, the sudden appearance of several genre satires is bad news for devotees of current horror films, noting the success of Mel Brooks' BLAZING SADDLES and the demise of the Western. "When something begins to die," Sole said, "that's when it's joke time."

Sole should know. He had been set to direct GHOULS, a straightforward horror-science fiction film for 20th Century Fox, when the first horror films *not* to make a bundle in the theaters were released.

"After TERROR TRAIN [a quick derailment at the box office], the last thing Fox wanted to hear about was horror pictures," said Sole. "Then came that *New York Times* piece on 'The Death of Horror Films.'"

Sole could read the handwriting on the wall. Although GHOULS—a tale of terror following the accidental thawing of the first humans placed in suspended animation—was offered to other studios, none were interested. Undaunted, the film's producers Doug Chapin (WHEN A STRANGER CALLS) and Barry Krost offered Sole a different kind of horror film: THURSDAY THE 12TH.

Written by Richard Whitley (ROCK 'N ROLL HIGH SCHOOL) and comedian Jaime Klein, the film is set in a summer training camp for cheerleaders. Bambi, founder of the camp, is the only survivor of a mysterious massacre of her college cheerleading squad nearly 20 years ago. Now, the pattern is starting up again.

Whitley and Klein got the idea for

The deranged killer (Richard Romanus) introduces an escaped maniac (Jim Boeke) to the joys of carpentry.



Carol Kane uses her telekinesis to send a statue after the cheerleader killer in Alfred Sole's THURSDAY THE 12TH. Bob Dawson motorized the huge float.

Alfred Sole is beaten to the punch (line) by a New World 'quickie'

With the large number of genre spoofs either in release, in production or on the boards, is it inevitable that two films would take aim at the same target?

Executives at United Artists—the studio behind Alfred Sole's THURSDAY THE 12TH—think not, and are crying foul at SATURDAY THE 14TH, a low-budget haunted-house comedy produced by Roger Corman's New World Pictures. The two films have little in common in terms of plot or characters, but are graced with nearly identical titles.

Considering that the New World film has nothing to do with mad slashers, summer camp or bosomy girls—the basic elements of any FRIDAY THE 13TH take-off—it's felt the film was titled to steal the thunder from Sole's satire.

Filming on SATURDAY THE 14TH began in June, about the time Sole's project wrapped principal photography. But a three-week shoot and an accelerated postproduction schedule allowed the New World film to debut in the Midwest in late August, with a wide break planned for November. Sole's film, originally slated for release in October, won't reach theaters until early 1982.

It's not clear whether Sole will retitle THURSDAY THE 12TH to avoid confusion, but it appears to be a strong possibility.

Howard R. Cohen, writer-director of SATURDAY THE 14TH, said any connection between the two films was purely coincidental. According to Cohen, producer Jeff Begun approached him with the film back in December 1980. "The only thing we had at first was the title!" said Cohen.

"I didn't even find out about that [Sole's film] until two weeks after we pitched ours to Roger," he said. "Later, I was offered scripts from four competing pictures, and my lawyers told me, 'Be careful! Don't read anything!' So all I know is what I see in the papers, which isn't much."

the film while attending a screening of a "popular horror film" (most likely the trend-setting hit that suggested the title) which they found thoroughly ridiculous. They began their off-center version as a straight parody. But according to Sole, "It has turned into a solid comedy in its own right."

Casting was of particular concern, as the film's 70 speaking parts don't allow time for much character development. "Our casting leaned towards the kind of actors you already feel you know," Sole said. The large cast features Carol Kane as a cheerleader whose unsuspected telekinetic abilities help to shield her from harm and Tom Smothers as a Mountie still on the cheerleader massacre case.

The film also features Marc McClure (Jimmy Olson in SUPERMAN), Debralee Scott (MARY HARTMAN, MARY HARTMAN), and cameos by Tab Hunter, Eve Arden and Donald O'Connor.

The film was first set to roll at Paramount, but the studio didn't want to grant the producers their choice of director. Krost and Chapin found a more receptive home at United Artists, where production began in April on a budget of \$5 million, about rock bottom cost for a union film at a major studio.

Mechanical effects specialist Bob Dawson (CATCH-22, SHOGUN) handled the levitation of people and objects, and the numerous "gags" behind the film's varied and bizarre means of dispatching its victims.

Although the film has been moved back from an October to spring release—by which time genre spoofs might seem a bit stale—and New World's similarly-titled entry may force a name change (see sidebar), Sole doesn't seem worried. "The others can take the easy shots," he said. "We're staying away from the way everyone else is doing these." □

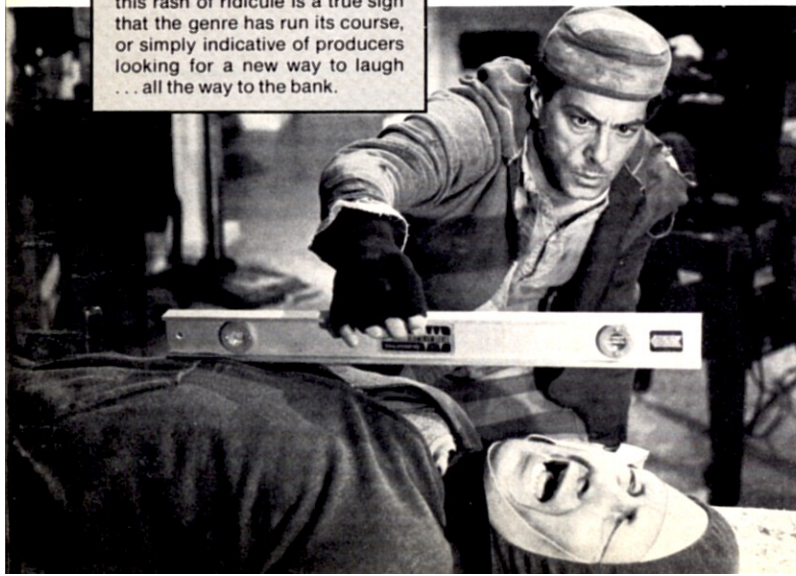
If you can't do it straight, might as well do it for laughs

An upcoming wave of low-budget horror and science fiction spoofs seems to be the latest genre fad, possibly even supplanting the recent glut of slash-and-stalk gore films. But just as AIRPLANE drove the final nail into the coffin of disaster films, some observers feel these spoofs indicate bad times ahead for conventional genre fare.

No fewer than seven genre comedies are either in release or soon to come to a theater near you. Several—like Sole's THURSDAY THE 12TH—are aimed at the slasher films, including STUDENT BODIES, distributed by Paramount.

Others on the way include the space send-up, THE CREATURE WASN'T NICE [see page 8]; the occult-oriented MARK OF THE DEVIL; JEKYLL & HYDE... TOGETHER AGAIN, featuring comic Mark Blankfield; FLICKS, an anthology featuring barbs at science fiction, horror and detective sagas; and New World Pictures' SATURDAY THE 14TH.

It's almost certain that several more independent productions will surface, especially if a few of these early outings are at all successful. Less certain is whether this rash of ridicule is a true sign that the genre has run its course, or simply indicative of producers looking for a new way to laugh... all the way to the bank.





FIRE AND ICE

Animator Ralph Bakshi teams with Frank Frazetta for one last attempt at a rotoscoped classic

By Kyle Counts

Director Ralph Bakshi (*LORD OF THE RINGS*, *AMERICAN POP*) and renowned sword-and-sorcery illustrator Frank Frazetta have joined creative forces on *FIRE AND ICE*, now in production at Bakshi's Sun Valley studio. Though the feature will employ Bakshi's technique of rotoscoping live-action footage, the veteran animator has promised that the film will be drawn in a rich comic book style faithful to the spirit of Frazetta's pen and ink art.

The collaboration originated in the summer of 1980, at a time when Frazetta found himself growing bored with his work. "The inspiration, the fire, had gone out of me," explained the Hugo Award-winning artist, best known for his cover art for fantasy paperback books such as *Tarzan* and *Conan*. "I was sitting around, resting on my laurels and doing the same thing over and over. I needed a challenge. That's when I made up my mind that I was going to Hollywood to make a movie, although I didn't know how, when or with whom. Then Ralph turned up, like sheer magic."

Over the years, various producers have attempted to entice Frazetta into motion pictures—at one time, he was reported to have been involved in John Milius' *CONAN* as "visual consultant"—but with no luck. Enter Ralph Bakshi, a long-time Frazetta fan, who said his meeting with his idol was "willed" by Frazetta.

"I was on tour for *AMERICAN POP*," said Bakshi, "lying in bed at a New York hotel, when something told me, 'Call Frank Frazetta.' I had never known Frank before then, though I had spoken to him once on the phone through a mutual artist friend."

Bakshi drove out to Frazetta's farm in Pennsylvania the next day, and by the time he left, the two had constructed the film's basic storyline (later turned into script form by Marvel Comics alumni Roy Thomas and Gerry Conway). Bakshi also offered

Frazetta the powerful role of co-producer. "I wanted to protect the integrity of Frank's work," said Bakshi, "and make him a part of the decision-making and creative process. So in one afternoon, Frank made a quantum leap from the printed page to the role of a Hollywood producer."

Frazetta is sharing in all aspects of production, from the casting of live-action roles (which serve as a blueprint for later rotoscoping) to the training of the 150-person staff, culled from the crew of Bakshi's previous two features. And, of course, he will be actively involved with the "look" of the film. "We're trying to get the movie to look as much as possible like my style," he said. "There are no short-cuts. I assure you that the characters, the mood and the action will all be Frazetta-like."

FIRE AND ICE will be the third consecutive film that Bakshi has almost totally rotoscoped. Critics have complained that the process is suffering from overuse, a sore point with Bakshi. "Rotoscoping is *not* a cheat or a short-cut," he sighed. "It's a way of getting realism in animation, and can either be done well or poorly. The 'Night on Bald Mountain' sequence of *FANTASIA* was rotoscoped—does anybody ever complain about that? If someone would show me a way to make an animated feature using Frank Frazetta's drawings without going out and shooting a ton of live action footage, I'd love it, because rotoscoping is a lot of work. We end up making two movies to get the final product."

Frazetta, too, is insistent that his artwork will not be compromised by the rotoscope process. "The masters all used models," he said. "If that isn't a form of rotoscoping, I don't know what is. We're going far beyond the mere duplication of actors on film in this picture. You can't imagine how much we change the live action footage—everything from the flow of the hair, to the placement of an arm or leg, to adding curves or musculature. What we're doing here is pure art. It really is."

"There are limitations, of course," he added. "You can't recreate light and shadow like in a fully-rendered painting, unless you have 40 years to play with it. We've got 70,000 frames in the film. If I lived to be a thousand, I couldn't paint that many frames. But we've got some techniques in *FIRE AND ICE*—approaches to color and movement and character design—that more than compensate for the limitations. You won't miss the light and shadow."

Frazetta won't actually be doing the bulk of the animating, of course. That responsibility will be turned over to Bakshi's crew, working from Frazetta's designs. To maintain a consistent look, two 23-year-old artists, Jim Gurney and Tom Kinkade, are doing all the background art for the film. In only three months, the pair have turned out some 200 paintings, at the rate of four a day.

"We're using new things with light," explained Kinkade, who compared the work to matte paintings. The samples at Bakshi's studio are indeed impressive, brimming with an intensity that is Frazetta's trademark.

Though Bakshi's company has a full slate of projects lined up following *FIRE AND ICE*, they'll be done without the direct supervision of Bakshi himself, who confirmed a rumor that this will be his last animated feature, at least for a while. "I don't know where I'm going next. Possibly into other kinds of animated films, or maybe a comic strip," he said. "Maybe I'll trade places with Frank and sit on a farm for a couple of years and just paint. If I could find new areas of animation to excite me, I'd hang in there. As it is, I'm going out with the best shot I've got."

It will still be another year before the results of this creative partnership can be viewed. In the meantime, the

two boys from Brooklyn are working hard, having fun and playing an occasional game of stickball to help unwind. "We can't guarantee that we're going to make a great movie," said Bakshi. "All we can promise is to break our asses and do the best we can to make this a memorable film. Hopefully our fans—whoever they are—will make their own judgements."

Frazetta was somewhat more optimistic. "We're not settling for second best here," he said proudly. "This is not a 'slip-something-out-to-make-the-bucks' project. We're thinking very big on this film. We're thinking of making a classic." □



Frank Frazetta's preproduction art of cavemen (top) and a buxom maiden (right). The drawing of the girl has been simplified to facilitate animation.



RIVERWORLD

*Philip José Farmer's science-fantasy tetralogy as a network series!?
TV game show producer Jay Wolpert has development deal at ABC.*

By Jordan R. Fox

Along the banks of a 20 million mile river, all the humans who ever lived on Earth have been resurrected—not by divine intervention, but by unknown extraterrestrial beings, for their own mysterious purpose. This is the startling and unique framework to Phillip José Farmer's RIVERWORLD series, an acclaimed body of work in science-fantasy literature, comprising four novels: *To Your Scattered Bodies Go*, *The Fabulous Riverboat*, *The Dark Design* and *The Magic Labyrinth*.

At first glance, the sheer scope and production requirements of the material would seem beyond the reach of even the most lavishly budgeted feature film. But assuming all the hurdles of a network development deal can be cleared, it is television that will take a shot at adapting Farmer's epic.

The prime mover behind RIVERWORLD is Jay Wolpert, best known as a leading producer of TV game shows (*THE NEW PRICE IS RIGHT*, *THE MATCH GAME*). In 1980, while between assignments, he decided it was time to act like an independent producer and initiate something, rather than wait for the next job to come along. Wolpert, a self-described "adventure nut" (Errol Flynn posters cover his office walls) immediately went to the Farmer books, the first of which had been recommended to him five years earlier, and to which he had quickly become addicted.

Wolpert began with the assumption that the rights would not be available, or so costly as to be prohibitive. To his surprise, his lawyer called back two days later and said, "Nobody's even made a pass at this!" Using all the capital he could assemble, Wolpert purchased the rights to the first book and all its sequels. Shortly thereafter, *Time* came out with an adulatory full-page review of *The Magic Labyrinth*—in effect, a mainstream discovery of the series.

Suddenly, Wolpert looked both shrewd and prescient.

A strong production ally presented itself in the form of Metromedia Producers Corp., which recruited Wolpert in late 1980. Metromedia is a major independent broadcaster and television syndicator that has occasionally dabbled in features (*TALES FROM THE CRYPT*) and TV movies. Now, under the leadership of former CBS president Bob Wood, the company plans to become a regular supplier of original programming.

Finding a buyer wasn't quite as easy. Wolpert pitched the series to the networks. "What we have here," he told them, "is paradox upon paradox, death without permanency, a swash-buckler without galleons." The first two networks rejected it; one didn't understand the concept and another said it was "too fantastic."

Finally, he presented it to ABC vice-presidents Ann Daniel and Jonathan Axelrod. "I got about 10 minutes into it," recalled Wolpert, "when Axelrod stood up and said, 'I've heard enough; I've got a meeting.' I figured, not only is this strike three, but he's going to be rude too. But then he said, 'You've got a deal. Get the best writer you can.'" Wolpert engaged another adventure buff, Edward Anhalt, a two time Oscar winner (*PANIC IN THE STREETS*, *BECKET*) and multiple Emmy nominee.

Wolpert secured the standard development step deal from ABC. "I find I get more excitement and satisfaction," he said, "than a mere script commitment would seem to justify." At this writing, ABC has authorized a second draft, an important move, but admittedly far from an approved budget or production start date.

For most of the first three books in the series, Farmer concentrates on different bands of adventurers—each including key historical figures—in their effort to unravel the mysteries of the seemingly endless River. Their

ultimate quest is to journey to the headwaters and confront The Ethicals, the beings who built this world and raised mankind from the dead.

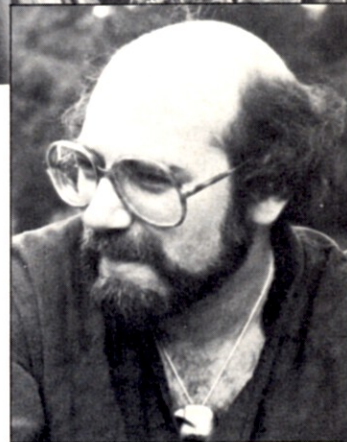
"This has all you could ask for to fuel a good, long-running TV series," said Wolpert. "It's an odyssey with a touch of the *Worm Ouroboros* where they're after us while we're hunting them. It's like *MEETING OF MINDS* [a PBS interview show hosted by Steve Allen that features guests from the past]. It's long on action, yet because of Farmer, it's a thinking man's adventure."

The Metromedia RIVERWORLD pilot would be between 90 minutes and two hours long, and would extend two-thirds of the way into the first book. Wolpert reckons that the cost will be substantial, but not in the same ball-park as *SHOGUN* or *CENTENNIAL*.

Can Farmer's extraordinary creation be effectively realized, within the constraints of TV's budget and technical restrictions? "Why get depressed over that now?" responds Wolpert. "Right now is the fun part. At the moment, I'm story editor. If we go to budget, I'll become an accountant. And if we're going to pilot, I'll learn about special effects."

Invariably, changes will be made to meet television's standards. For one thing, the book's nudity and excessive violence will have to be cut. "We don't need to see Kaz [a neanderthal character] eating someone's liver," said Wolpert. "That's a small accommodation to make."

Other changes include renaming the Peter Jarius Frigate character "Flint," because "Frigate" read like a ship, but kept sounding like "Frig it." In Farmer's books, all of humanity has been reincarnated as 25-year-olds—a casting nightmare that will be eliminated in any television presentation. And there will be no children in this RIVERWORLD. "Child actors present too many problems," Wolpert stated.



Top: Don Punchatz's wraparound cover for the Berkley Books edition of "The Magic Labyrinth," the final book in the "Riverworld" series. Inset: TV game show producer Jay Wolpert.

But he still asserted that his overall approach would be faithful to the spirit of Farmer's work. "The Riverworld purists aren't going to get exactly what they want, any more than the Tolkien purists got entirely what they wanted from Bakshi," he said. "I happened to find Bakshi's efforts generally laudable."

If it seems a bit incongruous that a game show producer with a limited background in dramatic forms should be the one to tackle such a promising and ambitious project, you won't get any sense of that from Wolpert. "Lorne Michaels [of *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE*] once said to me, 'You are what you say you are on your income tax.' I won't let myself be intimidated by the fact I've never done something."

Wolpert is pressing on with the step-by-step development process. Still somewhat amazed that things have progressed this far this smoothly, he is wondering if or when the horror stories of dealing with a network will begin. But if the process continues as well as it has thus far, a RIVERWORLD pilot could go into production as soon as January of 1982.

"If they do it well," Phillip José Farmer ventured, "I think it could go over with the general public. I hope they don't simplify it too much."

"Don't worry," stated Wolpert, "in terms of [Anhalt's and my] feeling for the books, Farmer couldn't be in more reverential hands." □

POSSESSION

Horror, psychology, religion, the occult, and a bizarre monster
by Carlo Rambaldi

By Frederic Albert Levy

Romantic triangles are hardly the stuff genre films are made of—it hardly makes for interesting TV fare. Even when erotic games have four players, eyebrows are barely raised.

But when a woman tells her husband she's going to her lover's, but instead makes love to a glaucous, tentacled monster she herself has hysterically given birth to in a corridor of the West Berlin subway, what you've got is surely something special: Andrzej Zulawski's *POSSESSION*.

"We had to decide first," explained producer Marie-Laure Reyre, "whether we should *show* the monster, or just suggest its presence, the way Polanski did in *ROSEMARY'S BABY*. We finally chose the first solution, and called artist H.R. Giger. He told us the best man he could think of for what we were after was Carlo Rambaldi."

Reyre and Zulawski then flew to Los Angeles to hire the talented effects designer, who had brought Giger's designs to life so brilliantly in *ALIEN*. "His price was much too high for us," Reyre said. "But when we reminded him that we were making a *European* film, and not an American money-machine, he understood—he's Italian!—and we eventually reached an agreement."

Zulawski, who also wrote the screenplay, commuted to Los Angeles on a regular basis to supervise Rambaldi's progress. Like the creature in *ALIEN*, the monster has several phases in its development until it reaches a "human" size, and Rambaldi designed and built four different models of the creature.

"A funny thing happened when Rambaldi arrived at the Berlin Air-



Isabelle Adjani forsakes both her husband and lover to have sex with this tentacled creature. The monster was designed, built and operated by Carlo Rambaldi.

port and went through customs with five trunks containing his models," Reyre said. "The customs officer had a shock when he had the trunks opened."

Isabelle Adjani (*THE TENANT*) stars as the not-so-ordinary housewife who prefers both her lover (Heinz Bennent) and her monster over her secret-agent husband, played by Australian actor Sam Neill (*MY*

BRILLIANT CAREER, THE FINAL CONFLICT).

The film is a complex melange of horror, religion, the occult, politics and psychological terror, shot against the background of the Berlin Wall. Explained Zulawski: "This town, with its wall and various languages, is hardly a real town."

In the film, Neill returns home from a long assignment to discover his wife acting strangely, and hires two different detectives to try and discover why. Unfortunately, neither lives long enough to report what Adjani is doing—and with whom, or what. Before the film is over, Neill murders his wife's lover, before both husband and wife are cut down in a hail of police fire as the monstrous creature escapes.

For all the frenetic plot twistings—and there are enough to fill several ordinary films—director Zulawski ends the movie on a somewhat upbeat note, with Adjani's normal son in the hands of a kindly schoolteacher (played by Adjani in a double role).

The French-West German co-production—which was filmed in English—debuted at this year's Cannes Film Festival to rave reviews, and went on to capture the grand prize (the Golden Asteroid) at the Trieste Science Fiction Film Awards. At present, the film has not been picked up for domestic distribution. □

BATMAN WILL FLY ONE MORE TIME

Preproduction is underway on *BATMAN*, a \$15 million production from producers Mike Uslan and Ben Melniker, the pair responsible for the adaptation of *SWAMP THING* (see page 16).

Tom Mankiewicz (*SUPERMAN, LIVE AND LET DIE*) has been signed to do the screenplay, said to be a serious adaptation close to the *noir* feeling of the early comics. "We want to get as far away from the television show as possible," said Uslan.

Neither director nor cast have been signed, but an unknown will probably land the title role. "It can't be a person who dominates the character of Batman," Melniker explained. "*Batman* has to dominate the role."

The film will focus on Batman's origin, including the murder of his parents. Robin won't appear until the end of the film, but would return as a major character in any sequels. The film will be set in the near future, and a large portion of the budget will be used to create a series of high-tech gadgets for Batman to use. An early '82 start is anticipated. *Dan Scappertotti*

LEGION: BLATTY'S EXORCIST SEQUEL

You thought Father Karras died when he tumbled down the stairs to M Street, right? Guess again. In *LEGION*, William Peter Blatty's sequel to *THE EXORCIST* currently making the rounds, it's eight years later and Karras is alive, but not at all well, in the looney bin of a Georgetown hospital.

The film was set to roll at Lorimar six months ago with Blatty directing, but the project fell through. Reportedly, Blatty is continuing to search for backers for his script.

The screenplay picks up the adventures of a police lieutenant investigating a series of murders in which the victims' heads are cut off, and the word Gemini is carved into their hand. The cop visits the hospital, where he meets actor Jimmy Stewart, who is in for treatment. Stewart is later killed, and his head vanishes.

In the script, the suspect in San Francisco's "Gemini" murders was killed at the exact moment Karras took his dive, and his evil spirit tiddlywinked into Karras' body. Karras is now sending out telepathic signals to the hospital's inmates, continuing the killings.

One has to wonder if Jimmy Stewart (whose head is never found) knows about all this . . .

Riddled by bullets from police attempting to kill the beast, Isabelle Adjani and Sam Neill see eye-to-eye at the conclusion of Andrzej Zulawski's *POSSESSION*.



THE CREATURE WASN'T NICE

Taking a playful stab at space sagas with a beast that likes to eat, sing & dance

By Kyle Counts

Bruce Kimmel, writer, director and co-star of the forthcoming space spoof *THE CREATURE WASN'T NICE*, thinks it's time the genre lightened up. "I cannot deal with murder and mayhem like *FRIDAY THE 13TH* and *THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE*," said Kimmel. "They're evil, despicable movies. I go to the movies for entertainment, not a lot of blood and entrails."

Kimmel felt the time was ripe for an affectionate homage to the films he loved as a kid—*TOBOR THE GREAT*, *THE ANGRY RED PLANET* and *TARGET EARTH* among others. "It's a wonderful genre," Kimmel said. "The humor you can extract from it is boundless—or at least we hope so. I can assure you we're not making fun of it. I mean, *INVADERS FROM MARS* shaped my life."

Kimmel first conceived his entry into the spoof sweepstakes in December of 1979, "long before *AIRPLANE* was made." He successfully pitched the idea to Cindy Williams (Shirley of *LAVERNE AND SHIRLEY*), who had co-starred in *THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL*, his directorial debut. But none of the majors were interested, even with Williams' committed as the star.

Ultimately, Al Schwartz of the World-Northal Corp., distributor of such European films as *BREAD AND CHOCOLATE* and *COUSIN*,



Above: Which way did they go? Neither Leslie Nielson, Gerrit Graham, Patrick MacNee, Cindy Williams or writer-director-star Bruce Kimmel seems to know. Inset: the fearsome Beast poised to launch into another song-and-dance routine.

COUSINE, optioned it for his first feature film production, bankrolling half of the modest \$2 million budget and bringing in United Artist's Theater Corporation as co-financer.

"The plot of my movie is basically the same as every science fiction film made in the '50s," explained Kimmel. "Five crewmen of a space craft on a weird-looking planet discover an alien organism that gets aboard and grows into a slightly cannibalistic creature—who also happens to like to sing and dance."

Kimmel cast himself as the crew's NASA apprentice and Cindy Williams plays the flight officer. Leslie Nielsen is the ship's straight-laced captain and Patrick MacNee, fresh from *THE HOWLING*, lends his urbane manner as a "lurking scientist," a role for which both Christopher Lee and Vincent Price were considered.

The film's title character is a drool-

ing extra-terrestrial ("a lot of dripping goo—with a bad overbite," quipped Kimmel), played by dancer Ron Kurowski. The monster's makeup, and the film's other effects, were engineered by the Magic Lantern Organization, which recently handled the "Jews In Space" sequence for *HISTORY OF THE WORLD—PART I*, and the effects for another low-budget spoof, *FLICKS*.

"We had spoken at one time about spoofing the look of low-budget science fiction films by making the sets and effects look very cheap," Kimmel said, "but we decided instead to let the humor come from the characters and situations. It's not going to look tacky or purposefully awful, although it is pretty low budget, so who knows?"

Lee Cole, graphic designer for *STAR TREK—THE MOTION PICTURE*, is handling production design chores, working with MLO



on the effects sequences. The film's soundtrack is being created in two parts: a dramatic score by David Spears (*FEAR NO EVIL*) and three comic songs for the vaudevillian monster, penned by Kimmel himself.

After two late-summer previews, Kimmel has edited the film down to a tight 88 minutes, eliminating more than one hour from earlier versions. The film is currently slated to be released sometime in early 1982. □

STAR TREK: NIMOY RETURNS, BUT SPOCK MUST DIE; EFFECTS BY I.L.M.

Trekkies waiting for the return of *STAR TREK* to the small screen [11:1:11] are out of luck, but the good news is that Paramount is going ahead with yet another theatrical feature based on the hit series.

Tentatively titled *STAR TREK—THE GENESIS PROJECT*, the film could begin principal photography as early as January 1982 for Paramount and producer Harve Bennett (*THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN*). George Lucas' ILM effects facility has been contracted to handle the film's special effects, after submitting a bid based on an early script draft. "ILM is involved, but it is our intention to bring it in on a very controlled

budget," said Bennett, who added that rumors of a \$15 million effects budget were "absolutely" false.

"*STAR TREK* went way over budget, and I don't want to blame anybody, but there were problems and mistakes," Bennett said. "After *HEAVEN'S GATE*, everyone is determined to bring features in on a normal budget."

An original script by Jack Soward—which had been considered for either a two-hour telefilm or six-hour miniseries—is being rewritten by Bennett himself. In addition, Sam Peeples (who wrote *STAR TREK*'s second pilot, "Where No Man Has Gone Before") will be involved in the scripting chores.

According to insiders familiar with the production, the story involves *The Enterprise* return to Earth in the late 20th Century, at the time of the "Eugenics Wars" mentioned in the episode "Space Seed." Leonard Nimoy will return in a cameo performance as Spock, but the Vulcan will reportedly die during the film, ending Nimoy's involvement with any future incarnations of the series. All the other members of the original cast have been signed for the film.

"The script takes into account that times have changed," said Bennett, "and dares to admit that Kirk is middle-aged; Kirk faces his own mid-life crisis. There will also be

some new, younger characters introduced."

The film will be directed by Nicholas Meyer, best known for directing the time-travel film, *TIME AFTER TIME*. Some stock footage from the first movie will be incorporated, and some sets built for the feature will be used, though somewhat modified to make them more colorful.

According to Bennett, series creator Gene Roddenberry's contribution has been reduced to creative consultant. "Roddenberry is a terrific guy," said Bennett, "and he's supportive of me, but he's not involved in the creative process of making the film." **Bill Kelley**

BOXOFFICE SURVEY: GENRE ACCOUNTS FOR AMAZING 47.7% OF RENTALS

An analysis of the 50 Top Grossing Films as reported weekly by *Variety*, reveals that horror, fantasy and science fiction films account for an amazing 47.7% of the year's business so far (35 weeks through 9/9/81), up from 35.2% in a similar survey conducted in April.

Top-grossing genre films in the *Variety* totals are listed at right, headed by RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK. For purposes of breakdown by genre, titles are indicated as horror (h), fantasy (f) and science fiction (sf), followed by the number of weeks in release since January 1. The totals do not include boxoffice figures from the previous year for films first released in 1980. The dol-

lar amounts listed represent only a small, scientific sample of a film's total earnings (about one fourth of a film's actual rentals).

Of the 332 titles that comprised the weekly listing, 112 or 33.7% were genre titles. Breakdown by genre is as follows: 34 fantasy films, accounting for 10.2% of the total but a whopping 19.2% of receipts; 28 science fiction films, 8.4% of total but a huge 17.6% of receipts; and 50 horror films, 15.1% of total but only 10.9% of receipts. Compared to a similar survey conducted in April (11:2:10), when roughly the same percentage of genre films were in release (30.2%), this latest survey shows a dramatic increase in rev-

enues for fantasy and science fiction films, while horror films have basically remained unchanged.

Also making a strong showing were other late summer releases which have not, as yet, generated enough revenue to be listed at right: HEAVY METAL (sf, 5) \$3,890,743; THE FOX AND THE HOUND (f, 9) \$3,876,726; WOLFEN (h, 7) \$3,755,278; and DEADLY BLESSING (h, 4) \$2,193,597.

DRAGONSLAYER (f, 11), considered one of the summer's early boxoffice disappointments, has since gone on to generate more than \$2.85 million, a respectable total indicating that a major re-release might be in order.

TOP GENRE FILMS OF '81

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (f, 13)	\$36,885,806
SUPERMAN II (sf, 12)	\$28,796,780
FOR YOUR EYES ONLY (sf, 11)	\$12,235,638
EXCALIBUR (f, 21)	\$8,957,499
CLASH OF THE TITANS (f, 13)	\$7,581,621
ALTERED STATES (sf, 35)	\$7,176,428
ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK (sf, 9)	\$7,052,662
HISTORY OF THE WORLD—PART II (f, 13)	\$7,015,952
TARZAN, THE APE MAN (f, 7)	\$6,474,657
BLOW-OUT (h, 7)	\$6,157,931
THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK (sf, re-rel, 35)	\$5,968,182
OUTLAND (sf, 16)	\$5,609,630
THE GREAT MUPPET CAPER (f, 11)	\$5,581,570
THE HOWLING (h, 25)	\$5,501,531
POPEYE (f, 35)	\$5,426,750
SCANNERS (sf, 33)	\$5,396,453
AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON (h, 3)	\$4,938,643

GOLIATH AWAITS

Christopher Lee is the savior-turned-dictator of a society living within a sunken luxury liner in this \$4 million syndicated telefilm.

By Bill Kelley

When co-writers and producers Richard Bluel and Pat Fielder went to the Navy's Oceanic Study Center in Panama City, Florida, to research how men could live 1,000 feet beneath the surface of the sea, they were treated very hospitably. "But when we told them we were doing a science-fiction television mini-series," said Bluel, "and that it was about a colony of shipwreck survivors living under the sea for 40 years, they broke up laughing. Yet, by the time we left, a week later, we'd had them saying, 'By God, it could happen!'"

GOLIATH AWAITS is a \$4 million, two-part four-hour telefilm produced by Operation Prime Time (OPT), a division of Columbia Pictures. Starring Christopher Lee as the leader of a group of submerged shipwreck survivors, the telefilm is the first genre effort for OPT, which

provides first-run programming for independent stations. The film, directed by Kevin Connor (whose credits include MOTEL HELL) will air nationally in late October.

The film was shot on a 34-day schedule in late spring at Columbia's studios and on the nearby *Queen Mary*, a veritable floating soundstage which doubled for the interiors of the *R.M.S. Goliath*, a fictitious luxury liner torpedoed by the Nazis at the start of World War II. The script, set in the present, follows an elaborate rescue mission to resurrect the ship, found with many of its crew and passengers still alive.

But the backbone of GOLIATH AWAITS is the activity deep within the sunken oceanliner, where Lee—who ages 40 years in the course of the film—leads a society which has learned to produce oxygen, grow food, process sea water, and even synthesize fluorescent plankton and

algae into a light source. The rescue mission is complicated by a splinter group of wartime partisans who live in the bow of the ship, and by a large number of people in the submerged ship—including new generations born since it was submerged—who don't want to be rescued.

"I start as one of the engineers on the ship, and I have to look about 30," Lee said. "Then I have to age 40 years from there. I changed my voice and the way I carried myself, and I naturally had some help from the makeup department. But the character's personality also changes, and that's what attracted me to the part.

"He has a remarkable mind, and he devises all sorts of ways for the passengers and crew to survive," Lee continued. "He's a technician, an inventor, a father figure and a sort of Santa Claus character to the children; eventually he becomes a benevolent dictator. But like all dictators, when things stop going his way, he lashes out. The senior execs at Columbia are delighted with the story, but if you start picking it apart, of course, you won't enjoy it."

Bluel and Fielder did extensive research—including that week-long trip to the Navy's Oceanic Study Center—to try and avoid too much "picking apart" by viewers. "It's science fiction, but we tried to stay away from science fiction concepts as much as possible," said Bluel, who developed the premise nearly 20 years ago after hearing rumors the *Titanic* had been discovered. "I remember saying, 'wouldn't it be something if some people were still alive in the ship... and it came together from that.'"

Bluel's research, reflected in the screenplay and the inventions attributed to Lee, included hydroponic gardening (a way to grow plants without the use of soil), electrified algae, and the scenario that enabled the ship to



Christopher Lee leads an undersea society aboard the *R.M.S. Goliath*.

remain intact—an air bubble that was able to adapt to the changing pressures as the ship slowly sunk.

As is the case with most miniseries, GOLIATH AWAITS is scripted to work in as many parts as possible for recognizable TV actors who can put in a few days work. The large cast includes top-billed Mark Harmon (*FLAMINGO ROAD*) as a rescue diver, Robert Forster (*THE BLACK HOLE*) as the Naval officer in charge of the operation and Emma Sands as a 20-year-old resident of the *Goliath*. Other cast members include John Carradine, Jean Marsh, Frank Gorshin and Eddie Albert.

Effects work for the film—mostly the building and photography of miniatures—was contracted to Gene Warren, who worked on the effects for the short-lived *MAN FROM ATLANTIS* TV series. Director Kevin Connor also spent 25 days filming aboard the *Queen Mary*, redressing areas aboard the ship to create the illusion of a self-sufficient underwater society. □

Mark Harmon (on balcony) attempts to rescue a recalcitrant Christopher Lee. The swimming pool of the "*Queen Mary*" doubled as "*Goliath's*" hydroponic gardens.



REVIEW

Landis' funny horror film is just a sheep in wolf's clothing

AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON

A Universal release, 8 1/2, 97 mins. In Color. Written and directed by John Landis. Director of photography, Robert Paynter. Art director, Leslie Dilley. Special makeup effects by Rick Baker. Special makeup effects crew, Elaine Baker, Doug Beswick, Kevin Brennan, Tom Hester, Steve Johnson, Shawn McEnrow, Joe Ross, Bill Sturgeon. Music, Elmer Bernstein. Editor, Malcolm Campbell. Produced by George Folsey, Jr. Executive producers, Peter Guber, Jon Peters.

David Kessler David Naughton
Alex Price Jenny Agutter
Jack Goodman Griffin Dunne
Doctor Hirsch John Woodvine
Chess Player Brian Golver
Dart Player David Schofield
Mr. Collins Frank Oz



David Naughton (left) and Griffin Dunne should know better than to walk across the English moors during werewolf season.

Talent seldom guarantees success, but the corollary is more often the case: the successful are seldom talented enough to deserve their success. Writer-director John Landis proves the truth of this epigram in his monument to mishmash, *AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON*.

Apparently drunk on his recent successes (*ANIMAL HOUSE*, *THE BLUES BROTHERS*), he once again pursues the non-writing/non-directing school of filmmaking with a slapdash plot, intrusive low humor, mood-wrenching incongruities and other cruder excesses.

Originally conceived before he directed his first feature film, *SCHLOCK* (1971), this film should have been shelved away where most dreams of our youth end up. Landis would have been better off sticking to the skill he demonstrated so well in *ANIMAL HOUSE*—the fine art of

flinging mashed potatoes. For in his first attempt at horror, Landis has succeeded with all the grace of a befuddled frat rat.

In a rare moment of subtlety, Landis introduces us in the opening scene to students David Kessler (David Naughton) and Jack Goodman (Griffin Dunne) traveling in the back of a truck with sheep—like sheep, of course, to the slaughter. In case we missed that, they drop in at a pub called "The Slaughtered Lamb." After leaving the pub, Dunne is savagely attacked and killed by a werewolf, while Naughton is badly hurt. After that, the only believable howling comes from the audience at the careless confusion of the plot.

Why, for instance, do the villagers patch Naughton's wounds when they know he'll become a werewolf? Why is Scotland Yard content to consider the case of the bizarre mauling closed, when an autopsy of Dunne's body would have certainly revealed some irregularities? And why does Naughton's doctor, who hasn't shown any interest in him before, suddenly travel to the moors to check up on his story (something the police should have already done)?

Landis is aware of the tradition of werewolf pictures he tries to emulate, but he ignores it when it gets in his way. Naughton even summarizes the classic *THE WOLF MAN* (1941), concluding that only a loved one can dispatch a werewolf. But immediately after, Naughton goes out and tries slashing his wrists, and at the end is riddled with bullets by the indifferent police rather than by his "true love." He throws in the use of the pentacle (though the mix of witchcraft and lycanthropy is tenuous), but throws out silver bullets with a curt "Don't be ridiculous"

from Dunne, who returns—dead and rotting—to beg Naughton to kill himself to rid him of the werewolf's curse.

The soundtrack is another place that proves just how tone-deaf to mood and congruency Landis is. Playing Credence Clearwater Revival's "Bad Moon Rising" while Naughton waits for the transformation hardly augments the tension. The song "Moondance" is also too abrasive to accompany Naughton and nurse Alex Price (Jenny Agutter) when they meet for a little companionship in her shower and bedroom. But the worst musical crime of all is following-up Naughton's death and Agutter's tear-filled "I love you" with the "bah-ba-ba-ba's" of the Marcel's pounding rendition of "Blue Moon." As if any song with the word *moon* in it automatically makes it belong in a werewolf film!

His most unforgivable fault, however, is that irrepressible weakness for humor and excess at the damndest times, invariably undercutting any real development of suspense or horror. Throughout the film Landis is constantly shifting the mood, whether having the bumbling police sergeant knock over bedpans in the somber moments, or wasting too much time showing us the prelude to Naughton's metamorphosis.

And even as Naughton begins to transform—thanks to the mechanized effects of Rick Baker—Landis can't resist fishing for a belly laugh when he has the character groan out to his invisible and rotting friend, "I didn't mean to call you a meatloaf, Jack!"

Landis comes up with some pretty inventive lines, especially in the sequences involving Dunne. "Have you ever talked to a corpse?" Dunne

complains to Naughton in his gory makeup. "It's boring!" Later, as his skin corrupts more and more, he confesses in deadpan understatement, "I'm not having a nice time here."

The last time Naughton sees him, he appears as a skeleton with blackened skin dangling from his face—but, of all places, in the back row of a porno theater. Dunne has brought along the mutilated victims from the night before, and together they try to come up with the ways Naughton has at his disposal to dispose of himself before he can strike again. It's a funny bit, true, but Landis cannot presume to include such humor in a film meant to inspire real horror in the night attacks and final confrontation.

Because he abandons both humor and horror by randomly trying for both, Landis also discards the real talents of his crew. David Naughton, best known for his Dr. Pepper commercials, seems more comfortable in the comic scenes as does Dunne; because of that, they lose our sympathy in the more tragic ones. Pretty Jenny Agutter, who starred in *LOGAN'S RUN*, will have to wait for a better vehicle than this film. Even Rick Baker's special effects, while impressive and perhaps more technically proficient and less self-indulgent than protegee Rob Bottin's effects in *THE HOWLING*, seem wasted and at times phony in a film that wears too many costumes.

John Landis' inability to build a mood or original story when pratfalls and excesses continually tempt him away—what was, interestingly, the very strength of a hit like *ANIMAL HOUSE*—only dooms his latest effort to be a terrible embarrassment. Landis has style, but he would do better to leave writing and directing to someone else. **Steven Dimeo**

Demons in nazi uniforms inhabit the fantasy world of David Naughton, a chilling makeup concept by Rick Baker.



Is it really worth four bucks to see Bo's breasts and Miles' pecs?

TARZAN THE APE MAN

A United Artists release, 8 1/2, 112 mins. In color. Directed and photographed by John Derek. Screenplay, Tom Rowe and Gary Goddard, based upon the characters created by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Produced by Bo Derek. Associate cinematographer, Wolfgang Dickman. Art Director, Alan Roderick-Jones. Editor, James B. Ling. Music by Perry Botkin. Assistant directors, Jack Oliver, Michael Lally. Costume design by Patricia Edwards. Stunt coordinator, Jock O'Mahoney. Head animal trainer, Paul Reynolds. Optical by Modern Film Effects. Optical supervisor, Bobbie Johnson.

Jane..... Bo Derek
Parker..... Richard Harris
Holt..... John Phillip Law
Tarzan..... Miles O'Keefe
Africa..... Akushula Selayah
Ivory King..... Steven Strong
Club Members..... Wilfrid Hyde-White
Laurie Ains
Harold Mays

When Jane (Bo Derek) gazes at Tarzan (Miles O'Keefe) in John Derek's TARZAN, THE APE MAN and marvels, "You're just like a statue in a museum!" someone in the audience cried out, "That's for sure!" This heavily-publicized update of the Tarzan legend adds nothing to the folklore, and certainly is not the great "erotic adventure" promised by the advertising. It is a lifeless, almost pathetic, failure. An expensively mounted film that has all the dramatic conviction of a shampoo commercial.

Screenwriters Tom Rowe and Gary Goddard have fashioned a flimsy retelling of the legend that focuses on Jane Parker, a feisty (so we are supposed to believe) beauty who travels from Britain to Africa in search of her adventurer father. She accompanies him on his quest for the legendary elephants' graveyard, where she meets and falls in love with the Lord of the Jungle. So much for plot.

Richard Harris plays the girl's father as a grandiloquent eccentric, and sticks out like a Rolls-Royce at a police auction. He is a splendid actor but here, in the company of the likes of Bo Derek and John Phillip Law, he has no competition. What begins as an ingratiating performance devolves into an unrestrained embarrassment. He squints and shakes his fist and never shuts up; it is rather a relief when a surly African impales him of an elephant's tusk.

The intrusiveness of Harris's performance would be bearable if Bo Derek had brought a shred of life or conviction to her central role. At times, one receives the barest hint that it was John Derek's hope that we view the picture as a good-natured send-up, with Bo as sort of a pearly-toothed Pearl White, winning our admira-

tion as she emerges unscathed from various dangers. Mrs. Derek, unfortunately, hasn't the skill to pull it off. We do not give a damn about her predicaments because we know statues don't bleed. This Jane has nochutzpah, no flash, no fire. When in distress, Bo's Jane rolls her eyes and bites her lip. If the situation is especially stressful, she fiddles with her nails. And when she breaks her cosmetized trance to deliver a line, it is with a voice that has the insipid flatness of an Iowa prom queen.

Wisely, Miles O'Keefe has no dialogue. His conception of Tarzan is silent and sullen, a fellow laden with wall-to-wall muscles but wise enough to break for the bush whenever a gun goes off. If there is talent lurking beneath those pectorals, it is well hidden.

John Derek has tried hard to make his version of the Tarzan story as shockingly modern as possible and, in a sense, he has succeeded, for his Tarzan and Jane are the ideal love-match for the '80s: two brainless physical specimens whose relationship is frozen at the grope and fondle stage.

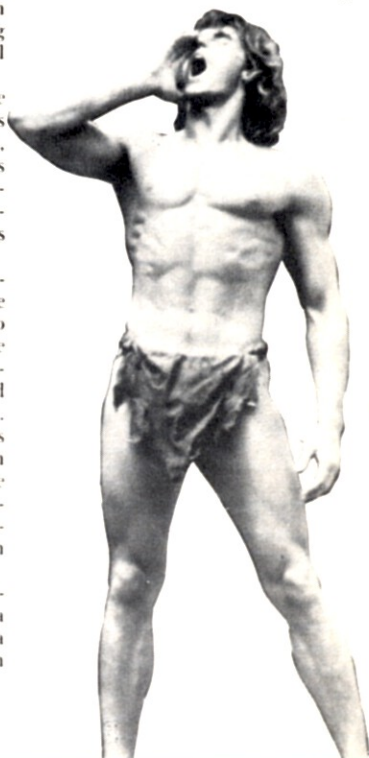
Derek's experience as a still photographer has given him an eye for the "pretty" and his direction (he also shot the film) is pictorially attractive in a glossy, bloodless way; every setup is carefully composed and lit, and has the flat unreality of a travel folder. His approach ironically mimics his wife's non-acting, for it is dull when it should be involving, laughable when it should be affecting. His intimate moments are forced and mannered, and the widely-spaced action sequences strangely detached.

Early on, Tarzan has an interminably long slow-motion battle with a boa constrictor and, at the climax, a hideously unexciting slow-motion

battle with a burly giant. Even Tarzan's vine-swinging is deadened by slow motion. Derek displays a slick visual sense, but one that seems limited to the static posing of glamour photography.

Bo spends a lot of time in transparent white dresses and splashing nude in the water, but so sombre and reverential is her husband's treatment that the effect is curiously anti-erotic. The girl hardly seems made of flesh. Worst of all, though is the fate of Edgar Rice Burroughs' vibrant, immortal hero: in this paean to hollow hype, the King of the Apes has been reduced to a prettier pipsqueak.

David Hogan



Producer Bo Derek as Jane (left) and newcomer Miles O'Keefe as Tarzan, proving once again you don't need talent to star in a movie, but a good body never hurts.

A werewolf film with no teeth: an ambitious allegorical failure

WOLFEN

A Warner Brothers release, 7 1/2, 114 mins. In color. Directed by Michael Wadleigh. Screenplay, David Eyre and Michael Wadleigh, based on the novel by Whitley Strieber. Director of photography, Gerry Fisher. Producer, Rupert Hitzig. Executive producer, Alan King. Editors, Chris Lehenzon, Dennis Dolan, Martin Bram, Marshall M. Borden. Production design, Paul Sylbert. Art direction, David Chapman. Visual effects, Robert Blalack. Makeup, Carl Fullerton. Music by James Horner.

Dewey Wilson..... Albert Finney
Rebecca Nell..... Diane Venora
Eddie Holt..... Edward James Olmos
Warren..... Dick O'Neill
Whittington..... Gregory Hines
Ferguson..... Tom Noonan

Any attempt by filmmakers to broaden the scope of the horror film is cause for guarded applause. The skepticism arises from the sad results of other thoughtful horror movies (THE SHINING being the prime example). Now WOLFEN comes

padding down the track, with its novel twist on the werewolf theme—no werewolves at all—and its layers of politics, ecology and enough symbolism to break a junior college student's back. But does it work?

WOLFEN's stab at relevance (a particularly apt word in this case) becomes an irritating factor, for this project evades easy black-or-white categorizations. The film doesn't conform to the usual good film/bad film snap judgements. Though its earnestness is amusing, and its pretentiousness is not, certain scenes and effects keep haunting you long after you've decided the film's nothing more than an ambitious failure. It's that kind of movie.

The film is saturated with late '60s, angry-young-hippy attitudes. Considering director Michael Wadleigh's

sole previous directorial effort was WOODSTOCK, the blame can be laid at his feet. In the opening sequence a powerful New York magnate, his wife and bodyguard are savagely murdered by a group of particularly nasty killers, culprits who sever heads, eat brains and amputate hands. Enter a ravaged-looking Albert Finney, a crack Big Apple homicide detective assigned to the case.

Finney and a motley group of confederates eventually piece the puzzle together with a little help from a group of disenfranchised urban Indians; the attacks are actually the handiwork of the Wolfen, highly intelligent lupine-like animals which have adapted to living in city slums and normally prey on human derelicts. In discovering the secret of the attacks,

Finney and company, of course, become the next victims.

WOLFEN primarily suffers from a bad case of the allegories. For instance, the creatures are based in a ruined church from which they stream forth to strike down enemies of the Third World, (the murdered financier was exploiting people on an international scale as well as about to raze the Wolfen's hunting ground) or the enemies of society (the creatures usually exterminate junkies and other human lowlifes). Wadleigh connects the Wolfen to the Indians since both groups are forced by whites to adapt to the grimmest underbelly of civilization. The parallel results in the film's finest scene, as a battered Finney stumbles into an American Indian bar where the patrons reveal that they

continued on page 12

WOLFEN

continued from page 11

have *always* been aware of the Wolfen—before breaking into a chorus of animal calls.

Unfortunately, this type of protest has become all too familiar through years of repetition, and the justifiable anger behind it just isn't fresh anymore. Wadleigh insists on throwing in radical-chic images like a police blitzkrieg on an SLA-type headquarters and a Patty Hearst clone (a rich kid turned terrorist). Credulity finally breaks down when the Wolfen spy on an anthropologist who is, in turn, watching a film documenting the senseless slaughter of real wolves.

But WOLFEN has some good things going for it. A strong thread of nifty gallows humor runs through the storyline—people ordering pizzas in morgues and the like. Gregory Hines shines in a cast more noticeable for its flatness. Gerry Fisher's cinematography makes this one of the

most beautiful genre films in recent memory.

There are some other nice touches as well. An unnerving sequence of Finney shadowing an Indian, then watching while the man ritualistically takes a drug, drops down on all fours and bays at the moon (the scene manages to be sad, frightening, and parodies the usual werewolf transformation as well), the matter-of-fact handling of nudity, the insistence of filmmakers in pointing out the bad press inflicted on real wolves, and an absolutely smashing climax involving severed heads, exploding cars and shattered plate-glass windows.

There are some intriguing special effects as well. Andrew London's inventive sound effects creates a humorous love-making sequence, as the Wolfen's heightened senses transforms the act into an orgy of slurps and slops. There is excellent Steadicam work representing the Wolfen's point of view, and Carl Fullerton's

makeup effects—notably a shot of severed hand slowly relaxing its death grip on a useless pistol—are wonderful.

Technically WOLFEN's high point is its use of "Alienvision," a blending of high contrast separations, mattes and rotoscoping, for those sequences showing the world through the Wolfen's eyes. The effect is striking, yet for all its on-screen time (and 20 minutes is a lot of Alienvision), the process remains a gimmick, never letting the filmgoer feel he were truly looking through alien eyes.

But the film's critical flaw is the lack of characterization for the Wolfen. These creatures never really come alive, remaining monsters throughout the film. By usually keeping them off-screen, and depicting them as eating machines, Wadleigh misses a golden opportunity to really dig in and empathize with another culture.



Medical examiner Greg Hines inspects the grisly handiwork of the Wolfen.

Another problem lies in their appearance—the Wolfen are just too pretty, too *normal* looking, to seem capable of superhuman butchery. The film's neglect at personalizing the animals results in just another creature feature. **Paul M. Sammon**

Craven is blessed with a nice style, but tries too hard for shocks

DEADLY BLESSING

United Artists release, 8 1/2, 102 mins. In color. Directed by Wes Craven. Screenplay, Glenn M. Benest, Matthew Barr and Wes Craven. Cinematographer, Robert Jessup. Editor, Richard Bracken. Costumes by Patricia McKiernan. Music by James Horner. Assistant director, Jerram Swartz. Produced by Micheline and Max Keller. Executive producer, William Gilmore.

Martha Maren Jensen
Vicky Susan Buckner
Lana Sharon Stone
John Schmidt Jeff East
Isaiah Ernest Borgnine
Faith Lisa Hartman
Melissa Coleen Riley

It is difficult to become excited about DEADLY BLESSING, a brisk but curiously halfhearted thriller which is unremarkable except for the effect it will have on the career of the director Wes Craven. With it, Craven shows that he can play competently in the big leagues and that his grindhouse days are behind him. Given a decent budget for the first time, Craven works slickly but, paradoxically, the film's most horrific aspect is also its most disappointing, for DEADLY BLESSING is effective chiefly in its quiet moments.

Set in a rural, Midwestern Hittite community, the screenplay by Glenn M. Benest, Matthew Barr, and Craven is a rather familiar chronicle of the conflicts between the strictly religious sect and a young outsider (Maren Jensen) who has married one of their own. When the husband is mysteriously crushed by a tractor, a stern Hittite elder (Ernest Borgnine) spreads a rather one-sided gospel, branding the girl an "incubus." Tensions increase when a pair of urban, underclothed girlfriends come to stay with Jensen. Mayhem follows: slow-motion stabbings, cloaked fiends that jump from the shadows, dangling corpses, and a smattering of unaffectionate subjective camera techniques.

Some grim elements are handled imaginatively. When Jensen opens her husband's coffin after the grave

has been tampered with she finds not the corpse, but a bevy of fluttery hens. Her friend Lana (beautiful Sharon Stone) has recurring nightmares and one sequence, shot in muted blue-gray tones with an ominously craning camera, is a pip. A juicy tarantula drops into the girl's mouth as she tosses in bed. Most fiendish of all is a snake that comes to visit Jensen's bath, sliding beneath the soapy water

as Craven's angle emphasizes the girl's open thighs.

Unlike many of the recent roving mania thrillers, DEADLY BLESSING does not fall apart between the murders. On the contrary, it is during his bridging segments that Craven displays a discerning visual sense and an interest in truthful, almost delicate characterization. Although his images of the countryside are post-

card-pretty, Craven wrings from them a certain irony: shots of barns with Hittite symbols and glimpses of buggies and bonnets, charming in other contexts, assume a threatening air given the director's early attention to the sect's fanaticism. And in an obvious but effective touch, the widow Jensen's farmhouse is graced with a sign that reads, "Our Blessing."

Characterization of evildoers is broad (lots of hissing and eye-rolling) and Craven enjoys greater success when he aims for subtleties. Actor Jeff East (young Clark Kent in SUPERMAN) is splendid as a Hittite youth who comes of age in the convertible of one of Jensen's girlfriends. It is not the sort of easy coupling Hollywood has accustomed us to, but a groping, painfully beautiful one, breathy and trembling. Attractive Susan Buckner plays the city girl with an intelligent appeal, and creates a human being instead of the predatory stereotype Craven could have turned her into. That the sequence climaxes with a butcher knife thrusting through the car's canvas top and into East's back reminds us that the director has not forgotten the expectations of his audience.

The shame is that Craven tries too hard in the film's final minutes, and piles irrational shock upon shock. The killer is (quite absurdly) revealed, guns go off and, in the obligatory downbeat ending, Jensen meets a hellish demon. Despite all the noise and hurly burly, the climax does not add up to a great deal; DEADLY BLESSING forsakes its truthfully quiet moments for the pointlessly noisy ones. The uneasy mix of approaches and especially Craven's careful attention to non-horrific secondary elements suggest that he may be miscast. He may never be an "actor's director," but he may be more comfortable if he were given a chance to try. **David J. Hogan**

Freudian dream? No, just Maren Jensen with an unexpected visitor in her bathtub. An off-camera operator manipulates the phallic hand puppet (bottom of the photo).



Violence, nudity weigh down a badly-animated anthology

HEAVY METAL

A Columbia Pictures release. 8 81, 87 mins. In color. Directed by Gerald Potterton. Produced by Ivan Reitman. Screenplay, Dan Goldberg and Len Blum, based on original art and stories by Richard Corben, Angus McKie, Dan O'Bannon, Thomas Warkentin and Berni Wrightson. Production designer, Michael Gross. Supervising editor, Janice Brown. Score, Elmer Bernstein. Rock songs by Black Sabbath, Blue Oyster Cult, Cheap Trick, Devo, Donald Fagen, Don Felder, Grand Funk Railroad, Sammy Hagar, Journey, Nazareth, Stevie Nicks, Riggs, and Trust.

Soft Landing: Director, Jimmy T. Murikami. T.V. Cartoons, London. *Grimaldi:* Director, Harold Whitaker. Halas & Batchelor Animation, London. *Harry Canyon:* Director, Pino Van Lamsweerde. Atkinson Film Arts, Ottawa. *Captain Sternn:* Directors, Paul Sabella, Julian Suchopa. Boxcar Animation Studios, Toronto. *Gremlins:* Director, Lee Mishkin. Designer, Mike Ploog. Atkinson Film Arts, Ottawa. *So Beautiful and So Dangerous:* Director, John Halas. Designers, Angus McKie, Neal Adams. Halas and Batchelor Animation, London. *Den:* Director, Jack Stokes. Votetone Ltd., London. *Taarna:* Director, John Bruno. Designers, Mike Ploog, Howard Chavkin, Chris Achilleos, Charles White III, Alex Tavoularis, Phillip Norwood, J.S. Goert, Ira Turek, Brent Boates, Christian Benard.

Voices: Roger Bumpass, Jackie Burroughs, John Candy, Joe Flaherty, Don Francks, Martin Lavut, Eugene Levy, Marilyn Lightstone, Alice Playten, Harold Ramis, Susan Roman, Richard Romanus, August Schellenberg, John Vernon, Zal Yanovsky.

Discerning fans of *Heavy Metal* magazine will be hugely dissatisfied with this patchily-animated, muggingly-written screen edition. Not often do the eight episodes presented in this anthology exhibit any of the talent, or explore any of the stark originalities, evident in the comic strips that inspired them. In fact, the film is tantamount to a wide-grinned betrayal of the magazine, and of the worlds created by its contributors.

Predominantly assembled between studios in Los Angeles, London and Montreal, it would appear that no single studio was aware of what the other two were doing. While an anthology was required to fully represent the disparate personalities of such draftsmen as Richard Corben and Angus McKie, it wasn't necessary that the film quake with such instability. Its look is constantly readjusting from that of the glossiest, air-brushed futurism to that of the stiffest Saturday morning mindrot imaginable—not only from story to story, but from scene to scene, from backgrounds to foregrounds.

One possible explanation is that advance prints of *HEAVY METAL* screened in June, were only 70 percent completed, with the other 30 percent still in pencil sketches. As a result, the producers—who had promised to return to classic animation techniques and be blissfully free of rotoscoping and other recently overused short-cuts—were forced to take advantage of every possible short-cut to complete the picture.

Adding injury to insult, those early unfinished prints were more complete than those now in release. Missing from the final print are scenes deemed too sexually explicit (a flattering silhouette of Den's penis) and too violent (Taarna's bird having its wing savaged by a rotating razor)

and, most painfully and inexplicably, the entire segment of Cornelius Cole's "Neverwhere."

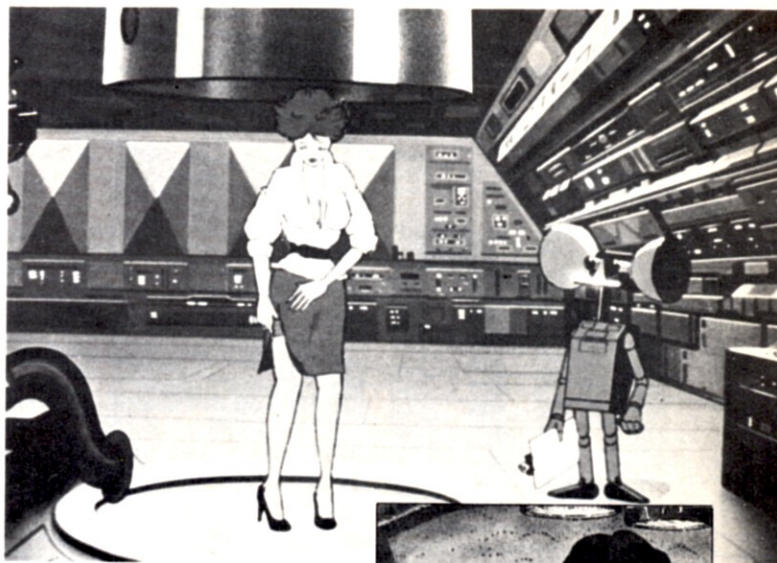
"Soft Landing," the first segment, follows an astronaut on a Evil Knievel-like air stunt, as he drives a sports car on re-entry through the Earth's atmosphere. It's intriguing, animated along the psychedelic lines of a Levi's commercial, but it ends almost as it begins, segueing into the stately-animated "Grimaldi," said to be the film's "quasi-mystical" linking story. For no given reason, a little girl (the daughter of that astronaut) is terrorized into a corner by an enlarging, glowing, green meteor known as Loc Nar. This meteor, which professes in mock-Shakespearean intonations to be the incarnation of Evil itself, bounces ball-like from one story to the next, as if the whole mess had been concocted by a coked-out Mitch Miller—and *there* you have the awesome, mystical cohesion of *HEAVY METAL*.

Neither of these prefaces really count as stories, but neither do the stories. The third segment is Juan Gimenez's "Harry Canyon." Gimenez's world, a future form of New York City, is the least hopeful and most imaginative of all the settings showcased in the film: a claustrophobic world of wall-to-wall advertising and bumper-to-bumper traffic, with all the human emotions (save Greed) crowded out. It tries to be intelligent by being cynical, but "Harry Canyon" quickly establishes *HEAVY METAL*'s obligatory motif of unbelievably proportioned women immediately disrobing and sleeping with anyone who happens be around.

Next is the eagerly awaited "Den," based on the finely-rendered, 1977-78 strip by Richard Corben. But sadly, Corben's scorchingly colorful, meticulously ripened imagery is represented by a nervous, sketchy animation that sucks all the identifying juice from his color schemes.

The scripting is Gosh Wow from start to finish, with personality sacrificed to the seamy prurience of an immature mind. It isn't particularly interesting or comfortable to be trapped for 12 minutes or so in the tepid fantasies of an eagerly masturbating little boy, which is really all this is. Corben himself filmed the basic Den story in a 1969 16mm production entitled *NEVERWHERE*, and the makers of *HEAVY METAL* would have done well to reproduce that short rather than replace it with this immature piece.

Things finally begin to look better with "Captain Sternn," adapted from a June 1980 strip by Berni Wrightson. The animation in this segment is humorous and rich in character. Sternn is immeasurably aided by a laconic script, fine comedic timing in the voice-overs (supplied



The voluptuous, willing and available women of *HEAVY METAL*, from the "So Beautiful So Dangerous" segment (top) and "Harry Canyon" (inset).



by members of the Second City Television comedy troupe), and a nostalgic awareness of what cartoon animation should be like.

Dan O'Bannon's "Gremlins" owes its visual appearance as much to pinball machines as it does to EC comic books. It establishes the idea of an interstellar B-17 (What? Well, the look is everything...) whose pilots are faced with battling their dead comrades. This relentlessly dark and grisly segment slowly builds to a horrific level previously untasted in animation. In advance prints, the segment was scored with a highly dramatic passage by Elmer Bernstein, but release prints have substituted one of the many misplaced rock songs, Don Felder's "Takin' a Ride (On Heavy Metal)," formerly the accompaniment to Cornelius Cole's now-excised "Neverwhere." The song apparently had to go somewhere, regardless of the damage it did.

The deftly drawn "Neverwhere," which originally occupied the next position in the anthology, was conceived as a history of evil. Illustrating the range of the Loc Nar's influence from bloodthirsty saurians to bloodthirsty Nazis, this one-man project was animated with a life-giving gallery of colored ballpoint pens. It did not pretend to a narrative; rather, it served as an overview, penetrating down into the Loc Nar as if it were a tiny planet, to observe the massive soldiers of barbarian armies and the private grudge of Jack the Ripper. "Neverwhere" was as close as the film ever came to innovation, evolving from scene to scene in a fluid rearrangement of colors and solids. Cole's excellent contribution should be resurrected as an experimental short free of the surrounding crud it might have graced.

Angus McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous" opens with a dazlingly-styled press conference, held to announce that UFO's cannot pos-

sibly exist—and then its one joke-storyline catches up with it, as a UFO lands atop the Pentagon and kidnaps a bosomy, Jewish secretary in attendance. There is no point to any of this, except to give the film another chance to undress a woman and get her in bed at the first opportunity, in this case, with a mouse-like robot.

Having come this far, it's obvious that the longest of the segments would have to be the worst. The 27 minutes of "Taarna" are roughly comprised of eight minutes of our heroine being summoned, five minutes of her getting dressed to go out, five minutes of Spaghetti Western-Kung Fu situations, five minutes of *Vampirella* clichés and another four minutes of unsatisfying plot.

In a conspicuous effort to appear cinematic, the segment is noticeably short on dialogue. Taarna, herself, is the most anatomically-realistic woman permitted in the movie. She was also entirely rotoscoped; the result is a gorgeous piece of cel, but hardly worth the ticket.

Perhaps the sourest aspect of this juvenile "Adult Illustrated Fantasy" is the irresponsible endorsement of adolescent fixations on sexism, scatology, violence, and self abuse. While the stories exhibit an imagination that work *somewhere*, their content is too emotionally limited to be felt as anything but negative and unhealthy.

Tim Lucas

SHORT NOTICES

GALAXY OF TERROR

Directed by Bruce D. Clark. 8/81. New World Pictures release. 95 minutes. In Color. With Ray Walston, Zalman King, Erin Moran, Grace Zabriskie, Sid Haig, Robert Englund.

This horror effort lacks the crafty structure and smart-assed humor of past New World products, but makes up for it with its unintentional weirdness. While superficially a gloss on both the plot and design for *ALIEN*, the film plays like "Yoda meets the *ALIEN* on *FORBIDDEN PLANET*." Ray Walston (*MY FAVORITE MARTIAN*) is the ineffectual "master" who searches for his successor, "The Holy One," by leading a motley crew of astronauts through a pyramid maze filled with "monsters from the subconscious." There are several good kicks in the eyeball, including a severed limb with a mind of its own, an exploding head to reward Erin Moran's (*HAPPY DAYS*) performance, and a silly, raping maggot worthy of Roger Corman. Jacques Haitkin's dark lighting covers for the small budget and the breakneck editing pace, which presumably covers for more serious shortcomings, turns the movie into an hallucination of science fiction movie style, gesture and cliché. It would seem like a commentary on the genre if it weren't so goofy and fast paced. **Ray Pride**

HELL NIGHT

Directed by Tom De Simone. Compass International release. 8/81. 100 mins. In Color. With: Linda Blair, Vincent Van Patten, Peter Barton, Kevin Brody, Jenny Neuman.

The annual setting for the sorority/fraternity hazing, known as *HELL NIGHT*, just happens to be the place a 14-year-old boy saw his father murder his entire family. Twelve years later he starts killing off the pledges. Why did he wait? Who really is the killer? Who is his bearded friend? The script doesn't bother with explanations; it's a shame it bothered with dialogue. The direction by Tom De Simone is completely without craft or style, so that even the stalking sequences—which could have you on the edge of your seat—are dull, padded, and slow. Linda Blair is



HELL NIGHT

STUDENT BODIES



GALAXY OF TERROR



THE UNSEEN

chubby and cute, but proves once and for all she can't act. **Judith P. Harris**

NUTS & BOLTS

Directed by Peter Hunt. ABC-TV. 8/24/81. 30 minutes. With: Rich Little, Eve Arden, Jo Ann Pflug, William Daniels, Tammy Lauren.

Summer is the time the networks air their one-shot unsold pilots, like this 30 minute sit-com, which was a cut above the usual dregs, possibly because it was co-written by Rudy DeLuca (*CAVEMAN*) and directed by Peter Hunt (*ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE*). Rich Little was wasted in a straight-man role as inventor of three robots (Beeper, Victor and Primo) that help him take care of his children. Beeper, a totally mechanical voice-activated vacuum cleaner, was a direct steal from *R2D2*. Victor (played by mime Tommy McLoughlin, robot coordinator for the *BLACK HOLE*) likewise owes his attitude and hint of British accent to *C3PO*. Primo, an old 1940s-style robot, was the one ray of light, espe-

cially when he went into his song and dance act, with a straw hat perched rakishly on his square head. Essentially a one-joke premise, the show was a pleasant—if predictable—half hour, and actually looked better than many series which made it to the network fall schedule. **Judith P. Harris**

STUDENT BODIES

Written and directed by Mickey Rose. A Paramount release. 8/81. 83 minutes. In color. With: Kristen Ritter, Matt Goldsby, Richard Brando.

First out of the gate in the horror film spoof sweepstakes is this lead-footed misfire that is actually far more repellent than the blood-and-guts thriller it so vainly struggles to satirize. Writer-director Mickey Rose, who showed promise in his funny and inventive collaboration with Woody Allen (*TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN*), seems to have forgotten what his mentor taught him. This contains a number of potentially hilarious jokes—a telephone spews an obscene caller's drool, the killer

wears Playtex Living Gloves and dispatches his teenage victims with such unorthodox weaponry as paper clips and eggplant, but most of the jokes come sputtering to a dead halt, thanks to Rose's heavy handed and frequently tasteless approach. Small wonder Michael Ritchie had his name removed as producer—we all know the *FRIDAY THE 13TH* crowd's capacity for revenge.

Kyle Counts


THE UNSEEN

Directed by Peter Foleg. A World-Northal Release. 9/81 (© 1980). In Color. 88 minutes. With: Barbara Bach, Sydney Lassick, Karen Lamm, Doug Barr, Lois Young, Leila Goldani, Stephan Furst.

Director Peter Foleg eschews overly familiar, HALLOWEEN-inspired maniac-on-the-loose elements and goes back to psycho-horror's roots in Hitchcock (*PSYCHO*) and Robert Aldrich (*WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?* and *HUSH... HUSH, SWEET CHARLOTTE*). The parallel to Aldrich is particularly apt since Foleg focuses in on the nasty, pathetic business of people stunted by psychological trauma, using an echo of nostalgia and sumptuous period decor to accentuate the tragedy of wasted lives. It's a welcome touch of class for the genre.

Sydney Lassick, a jovial clown-like performer you're sure to recognize, turns in an acting tour-de-force of amazing contrasts, ranging from loveable eccentric all the way to sadistic murdering fiend. Leila Goldani as his submissive sister whimpers with such a hang-dog expression you just want to burst into tears. Stephan Furst, "Flounder" in *ANIMAL HOUSE*, is their deformed, subhuman 20-year-old baby (in a believably subtle yet unnerving makeup by Craig Reardon), kept padlocked in the basement. It's been done. I know, but Foleg makes it work as never before when Barbara Bach (in another non-performance) is forced to spend the night with two equally comely co-workers, Karen Lamm and Lois Young. **Fredrick S. Clarke**

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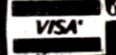
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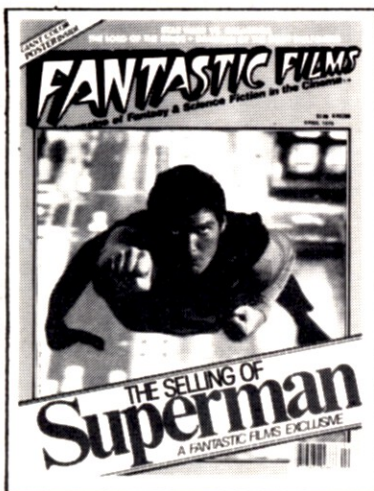
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SWAMP THING

He's big. He's green. He's a moss-covered James Dean. He's Wes Craven's attempt to bring a comic book hero to life.

By Dan Scapperotti

Principal photography has been completed on Wes Craven's new feature, *SWAMP THING*, based on a popular (albeit short-lived) DC comic book. The film, shot on location in and around Charleston, South Carolina, marks a major departure in style for Craven, a director best known for violent horror films.

The \$3 million production, which stars Louis Jourdan, Adrienne Barbeau and soap opera veteran Ray Wise, is slated for release by Avco-Embassy early in 1982.

"I wasn't familiar with *SWAMP THING* until [co-producer] Michael Uslan showed me the comic book,"

said the 40-year-old Craven, who also wrote the film's screenplay. "I read comic books when I was a kid, but that was more like *Superman*, or *Batman*. The fascinating aspect of *Swamp Thing* is that he was a monster with a human being inside that maintained all of his mental capacities and emotions. It had what I saw as a 'Beauty and the Beast' feeling.

"I like pictures that deal with situations that seem at first real and tame, and turn more and more nightmarish. Films that deal with very deep-seated subconscious fears and realities," added Craven, who splashed onto the horror field with *LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT* and *THE*

HILLS HAVE EYES, two cult classics which zero in on the ability of middle-class America to turn to savagery for survival or revenge.

Craven has since softened his approach somewhat, notably on the recently released *DEADLY BLESSING* [11:39], which was shot while waiting for production delays on *SWAMP THING* to be resolved. But this latest effort is even more of a shift for the amiable director. "We're going for a sort of stylistic approach," he said. "Low angles, strange shadows, weird colors and fog. A comic book look, but in tandem with a very realistic human way of approaching it. We're trying to keep the emotions very human. We're underplaying it a lot, and not trying for a camp look."

The story of Craven's *SWAMP THING* (not to be confused with either the original comic books or with Marvel Comics' *Man-Thing*) concerns Dr. Alec Holland (Ray Wise), a brilliant scientist who has discovered a formula that stimulates plant growth. Being a good guy, he immediately realizes the potential to feed the world's hungry. But a madman named Arcane (Louis Jourdan) wants to control the world with Holland's secret formula, and sends some toughs to Holland's lab to teach the doctor who's boss. During the attack on the lab, Holland is splashed with the solution, which bursts into flame, causing him to run out blindly and disappear into the swamps.

The chemical reacts with the swamp waters with chilling results, and Holland is turned into the *Swamp Thing*, a hideous half-man/half-plant/half-monster with roots running along his body like the popping veins in *SCANNERS*. The *Swamp Thing* soon learns he's nearly invulnerable, able to regrow severed limbs and able to take on nourishment by sending roots into the earth. Holland's mind, for the most part, remains intact, dominated by a desire to avenge his sister, who was murdered by the ruthless mercenaries.

Bringing a comic book character to life is never easy. And *SWAMP THING* is no exception. "It's the most difficult shoot I've ever done," admitted Craven, who divided his time between setting up shots, running the actors through rehearsals and standing in for off-camera actors while filming reaction shots. "I'm

quite often literally up to my ass in bugs, alligators and water snakes. I have water moccasins on the set and a lot of sickness in the crew. I've got big, elaborate sets that are difficult to work with, and costumes that fall apart because the acidic water eats them up in a take or two. And we're a little behind schedule and over budget. Back in Los Angeles I run a lot, five or six miles a day, sometimes 15 miles. But this has taxed my physical limits, and I think I'm holding out better than those people on the set."

In addition to working in and around the atmospheric swamps, Craven also shot many of the film's interiors in South Carolina. But even the simple matter of building a proper set did not come without its problems. Holland's laboratory, for example, was constructed in a north Charleston warehouse by a crew of local carpenters apparently unfamiliar with the ways of Hollywood.

"A lot of the people on the construction crew—many have worked on houses, barns, sheds, whatever—have in the course of making the movie developed tremendously," Craven said. "But when they started off by building the interior of Holland's lab, they built us a set that couldn't be moved by an atom bomb—there were no wild walls. It was all two-by-fours and all real construction. So we had to come in and saw it apart with chain saws in order to get on the set."

The set is small, almost claustrophobic, the result of serious budget pinching. "We didn't have enough money to build a really big exterior set," Craven said, "so we were tied in to a small interior set. It's very difficult to shoot in there."

An arboretum filled one end of the set, a small library-study area and a short set of steps leading to the exit was at the other. The lab was littered with familiar paraphernalia: test tubes, vials of colored liquids and several video monitors displaying formulas and graphic designs. A potted plant lay cracked on a table, having apparently broken out of its confines as a result of the growth formula. An incongruous Coke can sat atop one of the tables.

The lab is the setting for the first major confrontation between Holland and Arcane, which ends with Holland's fiery exit from the lab. Craven had approached a number of "name" actors to play Arcane—including Christopher Lee—before considering Jourdan, the French



The original *Swamp Thing*, as drawn by artist Berni Wrightson in 1971.



Above and Inset: The Swamp Thing (left) and Arcane Monster battle, filmed on location in South Carolina. The Swamp Thing makeup was designed to match the comic book art (note sketch, opposite). Bottom: Writer-director Wes Craven gives final instructions to three thugs prior to shooting a chase through the swamp.



actor who portrayed Dracula in the recent PBS adaptation, as well as the commercial spokesman for Canada Dry ("It sparkles!").

Jourdan, a thin, introverted man, admitted that his quiet exterior is a facade that shields his insecure personality. But he added that an actor, especially in the type of role he was playing, needed to hold something back and not throw everything into the characterization, or else it would lose its effectiveness.

"Arcane is a very intelligent man, a very dedicated man," Jourdan explained. "He is dedicated to evil, therefore this is a villain, but we attempt to make villainy as attractive as possible. I try to make the audience not like the character, but understand him. Arcane is mad, but doesn't behave at all like a madman.

"I tried to do the same thing in DRACULA," he added, "to render the villain attractive. Dracula was a

dedicated man who really believed that he was giving life eternal here on earth. I never played it like some kind of monster. You must bring him to some human level or he wouldn't be interesting."

In the crucial laboratory sequence, Arcane's henchman (David Hess, Nicholas Worth) capture Holland and his sister, Linda, (played by local actress Nanette Brown). Arcane demands that the scientist turn over his formula or else, and when Linda grabs the notes and tries to flee, he calmly shoots her in the back. Overcome by grief, Holland breaks away from the guards and grabs the fluorescent green solution. But one of the henchmen attacks the scientist, sending him sprawling. The secret solution splashes over his body and ignites, turning Holland into a human torch. He rushes up the stairs, through a short corridor and out into the swamp (actually a location some



miles away) to begin his transformation into the Swamp Thing.

To film the complicated scene, Brown—who resembles a young Sandy Dennis—is rigged with two squibs on her back, carefully hidden from the camera's eye by Shower To Shower powder and Liquid Paper, the secretary's friend. Wires lead down her arm to a switch in her hand, which she pushes for the appropriate effect.

Holland's transformation into a human torch was slightly more complicated. Stuntman Tony Cecere doubled for Wise for the shot, wearing a specially-modified suit that allowed him to safely withstand the intense heat that caused visitors to the set 30 feet away to fall back in alarm. As Cecere entered the corridor he hesitated for a moment, waving his blazing arms for dramatic effect, before bursting through the exit door where blankets and fire extinguishers deadened the flames.

In the comic book, it was Holland's wife, not sister, who fell victim to Arcane. But Craven was given near-total freedom by DC executives to adapt the story as he saw best. And while he retained many of the major themes of the original comic—created in 1971 by Len Wein, Berni Wrightson and Joe Orlando—many of the details, characters and events were altered or invented to suit the demands of the big screen.

For example, in the comic book, square-jawed Matt Cable is a federal agent charged with the safety of the scientist. But for the film, Craven traded a square jaw for a smooth breast, and cast Adrienne Barbeau as security guard *Alice Cable*, the love interest Swamp Thing never had in print.

"How does a human being feel about his darker side, his ugly side? And can somebody love that?" asked Craven, indicating a concept in the screenplay that most intrigued him. "I was fascinated by the idea of putting in a love interest with the mon-

Left: Alice Cable (Adrienne Barbeau) is confronted by the Swamp Thing after being wounded. Bottom: The creature comforts the dying woman, whom he loves. In the comic book, Cable was a man, but director Craven thought the story needed a love interest.



ster. If the monster is a man inside I wanted him to have real human emotions, to be embarrassed, afraid, amazed at his strength, and to fall in love with a woman and realize it's impossible. To make it more human, I feel that I've added all those elements that were a little lacking in the comic book."

Among the touches Craven added is a brief nude swim scene with Barbeau, a distant POV shot from the Swamp Thing's angle. It was among the more idyllic scenes for Barbeau, who did her own stunts, but may have got a bit more than she bargained for. During the course of several fight scenes, Barbeau was knocked to the ground, chased through a dusty field by a truck and nearly drowned in the murky swamps.

"There were a couple of days there," she said, "when I would wake up in the middle of the night because I couldn't sleep because of the pain, having been tossed around so."

Much of Barbeau's physical abuse came at the hands of actor David Hess, whom Barbeau describes as "a big, strong man who's not used to being tentative." As a way of evening the score, Barbeau and stuntman Bill Ericson set up the unwary Hess, who took his own—unscheduled—plunge into the filthy waters.

The highlight of the film—even moreso than Barbeau's *au naturel* swim—is expected to be the three monsters spawned by Holland's growth formula: Swamp Thing; the Arcane monster; and one of Arcane's henchmen, Bruno, who is transformed into a four-foot beast resembling a drowned rat.

The complex makeup requirements are being handled by 32-year-old Bill Munns, who previously worked on *SAVAGE HARVEST*, where he created several "bodies" to be chewed up by lions, and *THE BOOGANS*, a forthcoming Taft International release. Munns was one of several makeup artists contacted by the producers, and his \$80,000 bid landed him the job.

"Immediately when I saw the comic book I became fascinated by the character of Swamp Thing," said Munns, who began work in January with a crew of nine. "I thought that the original artists' design was quite exceptional. Some artists like to change things just to prove that they're being creative. But in this case, I felt the character had to be created as faithfully as was technically possible."

Originally Munns and Craven considered the use of a complex, full-scale cable-activated head, which was soon abandoned because it wasn't expressive enough. Instead, extensive facial appliances and a full-body foam latex suit were relied on, designed around the frame of 6'5" stuntman Dick Durock. Not only was Durock big enough to be a monster, but his face was the right shape; they needed an actor with a small nose to match the flat physiognomy of the Swamp Thing.

The light, flexible latex suit was reinforced to handle the weight of immersion in water. But disaster nearly occurred when the suits were brought out to the swamps. The



Above: Makeup artist William Munns helps stuntman Ben Bates into the headpiece of his foam latex Arcane monster suit. Director Wes Craven originally wanted the Arcane monster to resemble a werewolf that had been featured in an early issue of the "Swamp Thing" comic book (inset right), but Munns thought werewolves had appeared often enough in recent films and objected to the cliched concept. Note, for example, the similarities between the comic art and the werewolf designed for *THE HOWLING* (inset far right). Instead, Munns suggested—and Craven agreed to—an original design featuring yellow eyes, long fangs, a lion's mane, the face of a bizarre boar and a reptilian body.



groves of cypress trees secreted a tannic acid, raising the acidity of the water: the rubber began to corrode after a short time. The solution? Spray an antacid onto the costumes before the plunge into the swamp, thereby reducing the corrosive effects.

Although Munns decided to stay close to the original strip when he designed the Swamp Thing, there was no guide for the design of the Arcane monster in the comic books. That's because Arcane is an amalgam of three or four characters from the original comic book. Craven's script called for a werewolf type creature that had been featured in an early episode, but Munns objected.

"Because so much werewolf stuff was being done," Munns explained, "anything we did would be considered a follow-up to that, so we decided to go into a new area. I was given the freedom to submit a preliminary design, and once they saw the head and body sculpture in miniature, they accepted it without change." With the support of Craven and his producers, Munns designed a beast with the mane of a lion, the face of a bizarre boar with a reptilian body.

Early stages of the transformation were simulated with body appli-

ances, which took several hours to affix to stuntman Ben Bates. But for nearly all of the Arcane monster's appearances, Bates wore a five-piece costume that slipped on, literally, like a suit: the lower half was worn like a pair of pants, and the upper half was slipped on like a jacket. The one-piece head of the monster is partly mechanized, with tubes connecting to air bladders that enable Munns to make the elongated snout move and the facial tissues contract, a most disquieting effect when one is holding the mask for a demonstration.

Arcane's metamorphosis occurs in two stages. He drinks the solution and begins to alter. "Arcane's hand begins to change and blister," Munns explained. "He looks in a mirror and realizes he is changing. He begins to smoke and appears to be burning up from inside. A crust forms over his entire body, but later we find it was only a strange metamorphosis, and the crust breaks away and the Arcane monster emerges."

Bruno, the unwitting mercenary who drinks the growth serum at Arcane's command, is another monster that does not have any roots in the original comic strip. Played by Nicholas Worth, the crazed killer in

DON'T ANSWER THE PHONE. The character is sympathetic, almost mouse-like, which makes his transformation into a giant rat somewhat appropriate. Diminutive Tommy Madden plays Bruno in costume.

Although the original comic book lasted only a few years, DC comics plans to bring Swamp Thing back, taking advantage of the publicity and interest they anticipate the film will generate. Original author Len Wein will serve as the comic's editor, supervising a new writer-artist team.

For Wes Craven, the hope is that enough people will find a moss-covered character appealing enough to support not only *this* film, but possible sequels, as well. "The story definitely lends itself to sequels," Craven said. "The Swamp Thing is a green James Dean. He's an outsider you can identify with. There's a part of all of us that feels we're the ugly duckling. The underlying theme of this is that there's more beauty in ugliness than we see, and more ugliness in beauty than we might see."

"People look at Wes Craven, the filmmaker," he added, "and say how could you make such terrible things, like *I was Swamp Thing*."

"But it's only me, folks." □



Irena (Nastassia Kinski) peers through the bars of the panther cage at the New Orleans Zoo. Kinski is the center of an erotic triangle which has horrific consequences.

THE MAKING OF PAUL SCHRADER'S

Cat People

It's a sexy, poetic remake of Tourneur's classic.

By Stephen Rebello

On a Universal soundstage, a sensuous, other-worldly Nastassia Kinski peered transfixed through iron bars at a prowling, caged panther in a Victorian-style zoo. The camera pulled slowly away from her and moved through the upper tier of the zoo's administration building, where a scowling John Heard argued heatedly with two zoo officials about how to handle the newly-caged predator.

Still tracking through Ferdinando Scarfiotti's stylized wrought-iron and brick set, the camera nosed past the men as they walked down a circular stairway, then glided sinuously past a row of tightly-packed primates to a lab in which zoo-workers Annette O'Toole and Ed Begley Jr. suspect something disturbing about the new feline's dietary habits.

As choreographed by director Paul Schrader (BLUE COLLAR, HARD CORE, AMERICAN GIGOLO), this elegant and wittily conceived sequence for CAT PEOPLE might have delighted Alfred Hitchcock in its cinematic verve. But coming on the heels of four weeks of New Orleans locations and the mid-June heat and smog of Burbank, the tricky

camera moves only served to rattle the actors and foul up the 40-foot crane. When, after 15 attempts, his single-take set-up finally jelled, Schrader grinned wryly, congratulated all hands and murmured, "Welcome to Kubrick-land."

Come next summer, audiences will have their own opportunity to welcome CAT PEOPLE, one of the more interesting genre projects to surface in some time. The \$15 million film wrapped principal photography in early summer, and is currently in the midst of postproduction. As directed by Schrader, CAT PEOPLE is an attempt to balance horror and poetry in a lyrical fantasy that Universal hopes will set it apart from a wave of horror spoofs and sword & sorcery films also set for release next year.

Alan Ormsby's evocative and erotic screenplay shares little with the seminal Jacques Tourneur film of 1942, other than its title and people-into-cats concept. The new storyline, concocted by Ormsby and Schrader, revolves around a mysterious young woman (Kinski) who comes to New Orleans to live with her magnetic, strangely possessive brother (co-star Malcolm McDowell), from whom she has been separated since child-

hood. The siblings rekindle their combustible relationship, and a Pandora's box of self-realizations opens for both the beautiful young woman and a zookeeper (Heard) fascinated by her.

Exploding sexuality (according to crew members, the film could easily earn an X-rating), a touch of incest, ancient myths and rites, nightmares and a dismembered limb or two promise to make this CAT PEOPLE far more than a simple remake of Tourneur's much-admired gem.

"I've always liked Val Lewton's pictures, but when you break CAT PEOPLE down—though it has wonderful qualities—it just falls apart," said Ormsby, who also wrote MY BODYGUARD and several low-budget horror films, including DEATHDREAM (aka DEAD OF NIGHT). "I felt the film needed a whole new concept. You'd barely have enough for a TV movie otherwise. What finally worked for me was thinking of it as 'Beauty and the Beast.' It's a woman who turns into a beast when a man makes love to her, rather than the other way around.

"I always thought it should be horrifying, but I saw it as a touching, morbid love story," Ormsby said. "I

wrote a lead character who is a recluse—a macho, misanthropic guy who doesn't really like the modern world, a guy who's a lot more comfortable with the animals he tends in the zoo. Underneath, he's a man who loves poetry, a kind of morbid romantic, and this strange girl brings *all* of that out in him. To him, this girl's

Nastassia Kinski and director Paul Schrader (right) rehearse a shot in New Orleans' historic Jackson Square. Cinematographer David Bailey (at camera) prepares the location set-up.





Malcolm McDowell leers over Kinski, but that's probably not brotherly love in his eyes.

animalism is part of his fascination, his obsession."

Cinematographer John Bailey, who worked with Schrader previously on *AMERICAN GIGOLO*, has shot *CAT PEOPLE* in a rich, uncluttered style that utilizes slightly surreal color effects—one could almost dub it "horror chic." The continuous tracking camera movements that hem in the characters underscore the "no way out" feel typical of Schrader's style.

"Even for a horror film," one crew member said, "this picture has a very nasty, downbeat feeling to it. I don't know how audiences are going to take to it, but the visuals are going to knock people out."

Schrader's film all share a hard edge to them; a grim, unpleasant outlook towards society. But it is expected that *CAT PEOPLE* will show audiences a different side of the director. "Paul and I decided early on that we didn't want this to be a *bloody* horror film," said Bailey. "Its principal sensibility is really more like the style of Cocteau or Franju. We screened a lot of Franju because he deals with that whole area of poetic horror. Though we looked at a lot of horror films, we found that most didn't have anything for us. We were making a completely different kind of film."

"If anything, *CAT PEOPLE*'s sensibility is one of innocence," Bailey added. "Visually, it's sophisticated, but the characters—especially John's and Nastassia's—are almost child-like. If the picture works the way we hope it will, we're going to take the audience in a direction perhaps they never could have expected."

Although the company spent a month on location and a considerable amount of the film's action is set at various New Orleans locales—including the zoo and the city's seamer

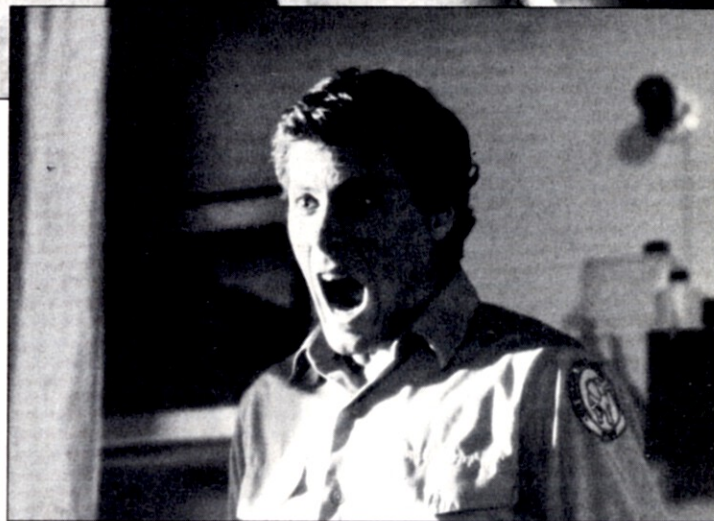
side—visual consultant Ferdinando Scarfiotti filled six Hollywood sound stages with highly-stylized sets after an initial scouting trip to New Orleans proved disappointing.

"This whole film is about cages, imprisonment and unattainable objects," said Scarfiotti, who also handled design chores on *LAST TANGO IN PARIS* and *THE CONFORMIST*, as well as six months with director Nicholas Roeg on Universal's *FLASH GORDON*, before Dino DeLaurentiis cleaned house. "I've tried to convey a surreal, off-balance quality to the designs. We're not as concerned with objective reality at all, because this is a romantic, frightening fantasy."

As was the case with most of the cast and crew on *CAT PEOPLE*, Scarfiotti professed his admiration, but not emulation, of the original film. "There is very little in common with the two films," he explained. "We went back to the Tourneur film many times, though. I really loved his use of light and shadows. What they were able to achieve, especially for so little money, is really remarkable. Though I would have loved to have been forced to meet the challenge of doing this picture in black and white, too, I really wouldn't have done very much differently."

Scarfiotti waved his hand at his Victorian zoo set—which features huge, glowering cat sculptures looming atop the claustrophobic cages—and added, "This set would look great in black and white, for instance. It really is black and white, except for the brick. We're trying for some truly beautiful color on this film, though, and I hope we can touch—in a different way—something of what Tourneur was able to accomplish in the swimming pool sequence."

Studio execs are reportedly "ec-



During a routine autopsy of a dead panther, zookeeper John Heard discovers the shocking secret of *CAT PEOPLE*—it's what's inside that counts.

static" about the visuals they have viewed to date.

And what of the title characters, the cats themselves? Animal handler Ron Oxley is using three live black panthers for the stalking and attack sequences, and brothers Tom and Ellis Burman built a life-sized mechanical panther, which can rise from prone position to full height while moving its head, nose, mouth and flaring its nostrils.

This mechanical wonder joins the other Burman-made pieces for the film: assorted human appendages and various articulated cat heads and slashing paws and tails, to be married with live cat footage. The Burman Studio comes to *CAT PEOPLE* with probably as much experience with animal makeups as anyone else in Hollywood, being responsible for, among other effects, the half-man/half-dog in Phil Kaufman's *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS* and the seven-eyed, seven-horned goat in *ALTERED STATES*.

"In all our cat-transformations, we're not going after grotesqueness,

but beauty," explained Tom Burman. "Since we have Nastassia and Malcolm, both attractive people, we're melding their features with those of magnificent, sleek cats. I deal with so many graphic pictures that I'd love to see *CAT PEOPLE* work without sensationalism. I'd love to see them let the audience create its own horror. Give them just enough to tease them."

Robbie Blalack and his effects firm, Praxis, will handle the film's blue-screen work. Praxis may also provide one or two special sequences for Kinski's subjective, post-transformation cat vision, which promises to outperform their similar effects for *WOLFEN*. In addition, Giorgio Moroder has been signed to score the film.

While it is still far too early to know how this new *CAT PEOPLE* will look when editor Bud Smith and Schrader deliver a final cut, one thing appears clear: *CAT PEOPLE* is being lavished with an attention to style and detail all too rare in the realm of films of the fantastic. □

THE WORKS

It's a feature-length cartoon unlike anything you've ever seen before.

It requires no tracing. No cels. No paint. No in-betweens. No ink.

The animator is a computer.

ARTICLE BY DAN SCAPPEROTTI

In a two-story lab jammed with computers, CRTs, special photographic equipment and a plethora of complicated devices unfathomable to most outsiders, work continues on what may prove to be the dawning of a new era for the theatrical cartoon—the emergence of the computer as animator.

In a research facility operated by the New York Institute of Technology, a crew of artists and engineers are preparing **THE WORKS**, the first commercial animated feature created entirely by computer graphics.

Although the film will take at least two to three years to complete, and perhaps longer (depending on how quickly state-of-the-art computer hardware and software is de-bugged), the New York Tech crew has already completed most of the character designs and laborious programming necessary for the ambitious project.

Computer-generated imagery is not new, and for years has been used quite commonly in science, industry and television commercials. But it has never posed a serious threat to more traditional animation methods, either in cost or performance. But faster, cheaper computers—coupled with sophisticated algorithms that enable a machine to create realistic vistas relatively simply—threaten to completely revolutionize the art of animation.

Written and directed by Lance Williams, New York Tech's director of computer animation, **THE WORKS** is set in the aftermath of a war that has wiped out all human life on the planet, leaving only an insane military computer "alive." However, a few scientists working in space manage to survive and build an off-world civilization. The film details the efforts of men and machines to reclaim the earth.

"The term computer graphics covers a lot of territory," explained Williams, whose office is crowded with an odd jumble of technical journals and toy robots, computer printouts and plastic dinosaurs. "A lot of what is called 'motion graphics' also uses

computers, but the computers are primarily used to control certain mechanisms, lenses and optical benches, and to move models of spaceships around—the stuff Trumbull and Dykstra are famous for.

"In computer graphics we're not controlling the actions of a model, we are actually synthesizing the picture," he explained. "By mathematically computing point to point, the machine can make a picture out of thin air with no physical model in the process."

Computers, of course, can't really draw. But they are able to visualize algebraic and geometric equations. A single equation might represent a curve. A few dozen equations might be needed to visualize a simple geometric shape. And the complex scenes shown at right might require millions of separate computations for every frame.

There are basically two types of computer animation: two-dimensional, which is similar to conventional animation; and three-dimensional, in which the computer stores the size, shape and composition of an object, and is then able to display and

manipulate the image in any number of ways. Fully-shaded three-dimensional animation, as achieved with the state-of-the-art facilities available at New York Tech and elsewhere, can create images that appear as real as a photograph, or as surreal as an artist might desire.

There are still many problems, of course, including the digitalizing of human and animal movements that are achieved relatively easily in conventional animation. But when it comes to drawing objects such as spaceships, robots and environments—the stuff that **THE WORKS** is made of—the computer has already overtaken standard animation in many regards.

The first step in computer animation is to program the mathematical "models" of the object to be animated. "Our models don't have a lot of the physical limitations of plastic, metal or foam," said Williams. "They don't get dusty, they don't break and they can float around in space without any visible means of support." Once an object is programmed into the computer, all an operator need do is specify a vantage point and an imaginary light source. The computer can do the rest.

"One of the biggest obstacles is getting the models to move," Williams said. "We have articulated 'models' that can bend down to the fingers and toes, all under computer control." [These "models" should not be confused with the puppets used in dimensional animation. Williams is referring to computer constructs.] We can interact with those models with a line-drawing system that displays them three dimensionally and allows you to use joy sticks to position the joints. You can set up an individual frame, set up another one 50 or 60 frames later, and the computer interpolates all the joint angles.

"You can watch the results in real time and edit it until you have it just the way you want," he added. "Then you call upon the computer to generate the shaded picture version, which may take many minutes a frame, but

the real-time interaction at the motion level is something that conventional animators don't have. This is the one great advantage of our process."

Other advantages include using the computer's power to accurately gauge, measure and display mechanical movements. For example, when defining the movement for a robot tank (top right), a sub-program actually calculates the exact movements of each tread, and causes the shock absorbers to jog and bounce properly.

THE WORKS will use a variety of two- and three-dimensional backgrounds to complement the action, using a computer-controlled system that all but eliminates the need for outside opticals. Variants of computer graphics also can replace special effects usually added on an optical printer. "We can use two-dimensional synthesis techniques to produce explosions, smoke, flame and laser blasts," Williams said.

To transfer the image from the computer to either film or videotape (or both, as happens to be the case), New York Tech uses a special white CRT without the scan lines found on a conventional television set. The computer calculates the image as a series of red, green and blue "pixils." To expose a frame, red, green and blue filters pass in front of the lens as the picture is scanned down. "Since the surface of the tube isn't divided into dots like a color TV, the effect created through the use of filters is a perfectly seamless picture," Williams said. "People familiar with computer images are accustomed to seeing scan lines and little 'staircase' edges. Those are all artifacts that can be overcome with the right algorithms."

And how does it all look?

In a word: incredible.

"What we're trying to do is very special and very exciting," said Williams. "Conventional and computer animation are both ridiculously expensive. But with computers, the expense comes from the large capital investment. And nothing is increasing in power, and decreasing in cost, faster than computers."

That New York Tech is among the first to exploit this technology is not surprising; they were among the first fully-equipped computer graphic facilities in the world. Now university researchers are being joined by film companies—including Lucasfilm and Hanna-Barbera—throwing open the door for the infant technology's impact on filmmaking in the years to come.

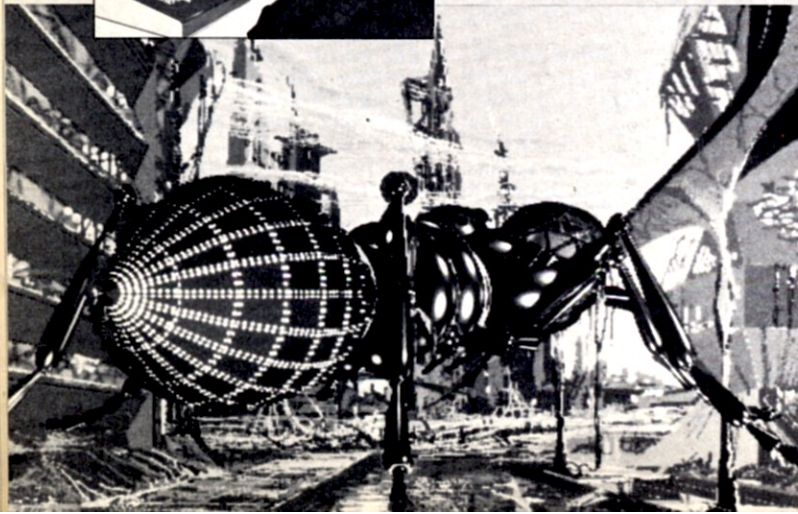
As for **THE WORKS**, Williams is already courting the involvement of major studios to defray the production expense and handle distribution. He can't say for sure who will be backing him, or for how much. But of one thing he is certain: people are going to be dazzled.

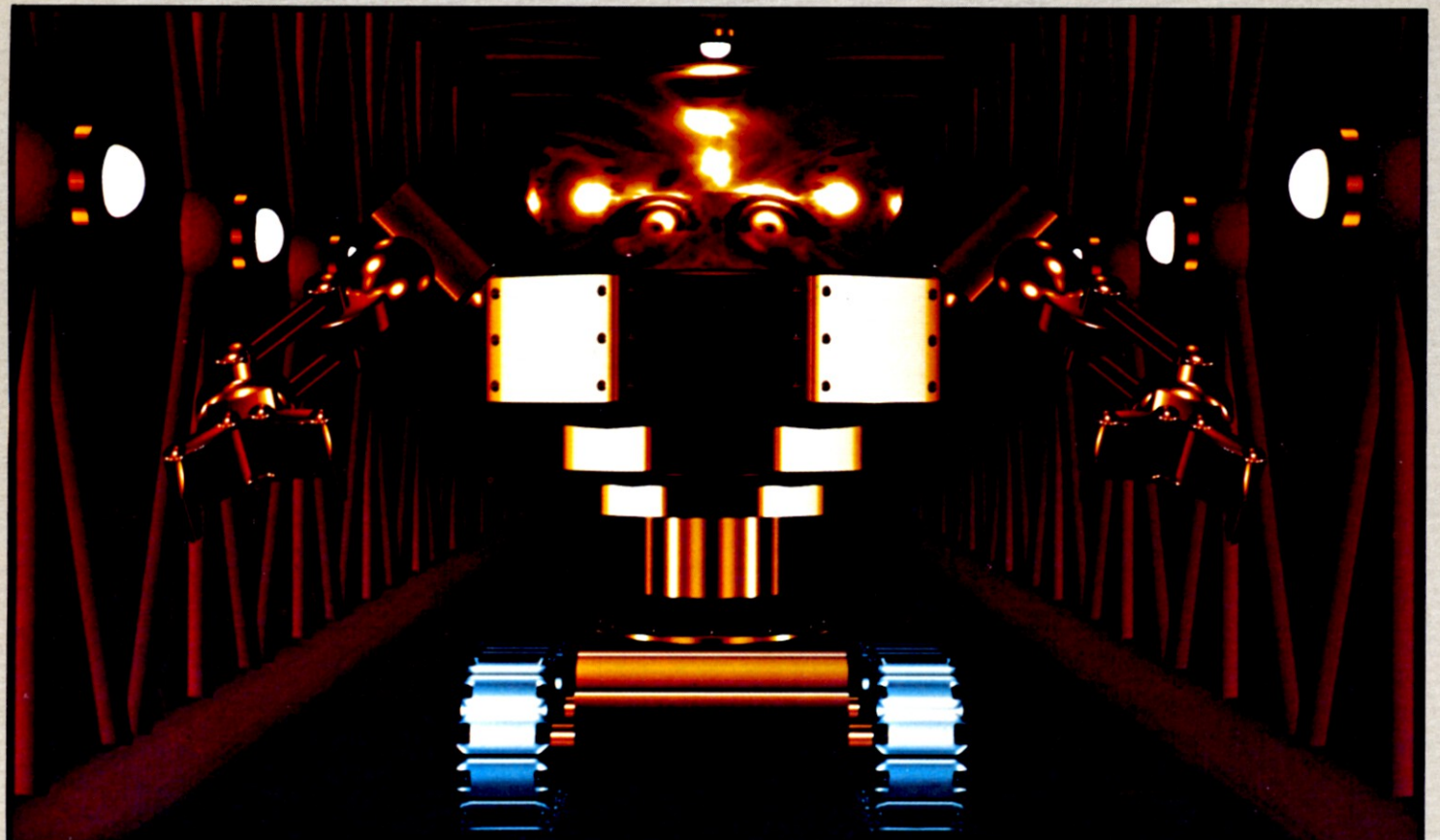
"We're going to make **CLOSE ENCOUNTERS** look like a chandelier sale at Woolworths." □

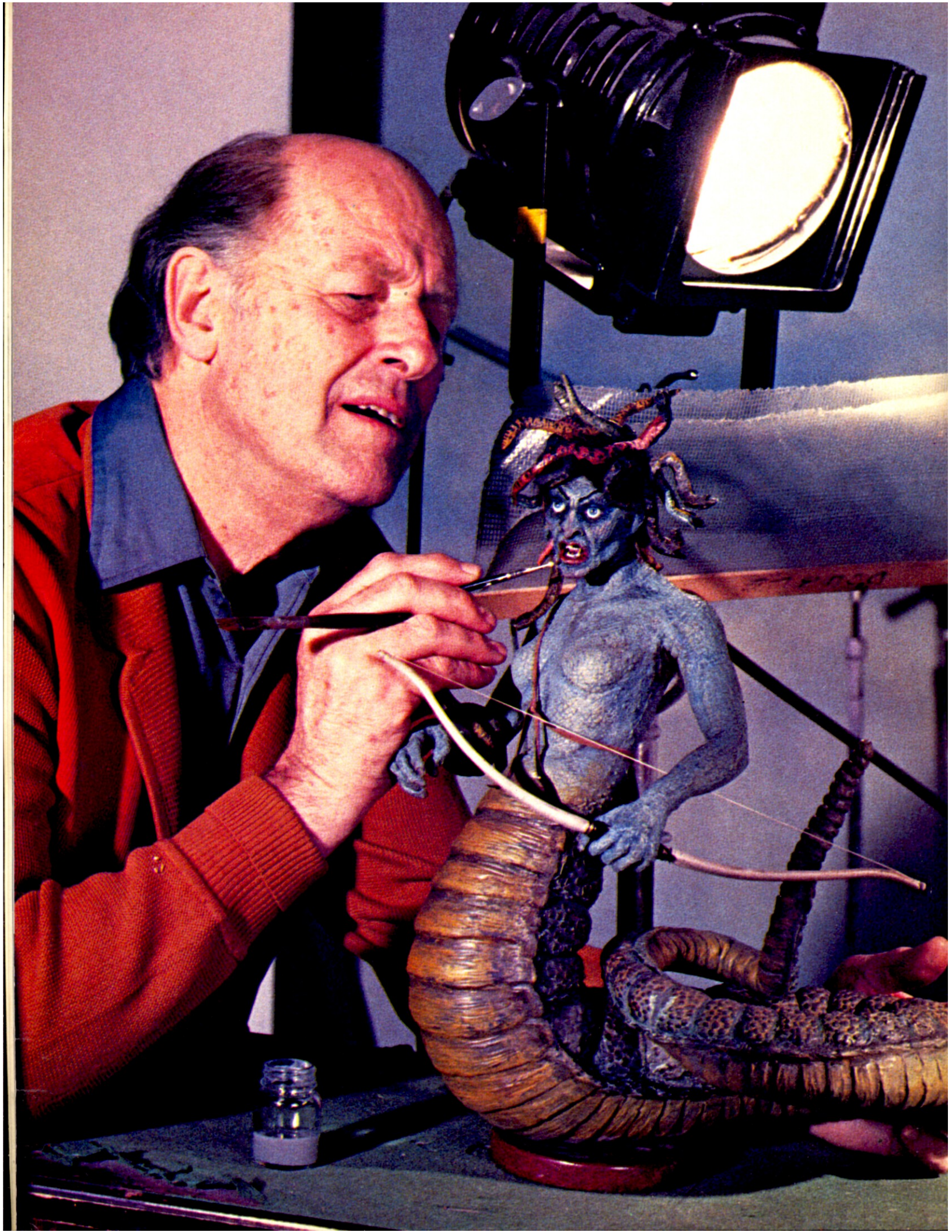
Right: Two test shots from THE WORKS, the first feature-length film to be animated by a computer. Director-writer Lance Williams (inset) says computers will foster quality animation by freeing artists from drudgery.



Artist Dick Lundin (inset) designed this robot ant by creating "data bases" for thousands of individual components, mathematically indicating size, surface detail and visual characteristics.







THE RAY HARRYHAUSEN

CAREER ARTICLE BY TED NEWSOM

STORY

PART ONE
THE EARLY YEARS
 1920-1958

The films of Ray Harryhausen are entertainment, pure and often simple. Any subtlety of characterization is accidental; storylines exist only to propel the plot into another Dynamation effect. For good or ill, the live-action serves merely as patter for the magician, a time-filler while the man in the top hat and tux prepares to pull another rabbit out of his sleeve.

At least two generations of moviegoers have had the pleasure of watching Harryhausen's prestidigitation, as the bizarre creations of his imagination have lurched, swooped, scurried or tromped across theater screens. During the '50s, almost single-handedly, he rescued the process of stop-motion animation from obscurity and reminded the movie-going public what a delight it could be.

But a common refrain, heard of Harryhausen's work from *THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS* (1953) up to the present, has been, "The effects were the best part of the picture." Indeed, in Harryhausen's case, the effects are the picture.

But *what* effects! Fantastic creatures come to living, breathing life before our eyes: dragons, dinosaurs, centaurs, space monsters—more than 30 years of them in 15 feature films. His latest, *CLASH OF THE TITANS*, carries on the tradition, and features some of his finest work, including a remarkable Medusa sequence that ranks as one of the year's effects highlights.

Left: A craftsman as well as filmmaker, Harryhausen, now 61, touches up an exact replica of Medusa from *CLASH OF THE TITANS*, his latest film from MGM and a boxoffice hit last summer. The model was used in an exhibit at New York's Museum of Modern Art.

Despite the fact that movies are a collaborative art form, Harryhausen's films are prime examples of the *auteur* theory. They clearly represent the creative vision of one man. It is Harryhausen who sketches the scenes to which the plot strings will be tied. It is he who stands by the cinematographer to advise how a shot must be framed. It is Harryhausen, his mind months or years in the future in a small studio with a model creature and a two-dimensional actor on a rear-projection screen, who instructs the actor where to parry and feint with an as-yet-unseen menace. In the editing room, he suggests the best way to cut a scene together.

More recently, his role as producer has included taking his film to market by hitting the promotional circuit with a vengeance. Such high visibility has

thrusted Harryhausen into a limelight usually reserved for top actors and directors—certainly not animators. And the spotlight is a bit uncomfortable. Though publicly a friendly, amiable man with an easy laugh and a wry sense of humor, privately Harryhausen is very shy and fanatically secretive about both his profession and personal life.

"When a magician ceases to be a mystery," he often says laughingly, to avoid answering about something, "his fans will soon begin to lose interest in him." It's a joke, but Harryhausen is deadly serious about it.

When we talked to him about his long career during his promo tour for *CLASH OF THE TITANS*, Harryhausen was as laconic as ever. What he wouldn't tell us, we found out from others who would.

ANIMATORS ARE MADE, NOT BORN

"I didn't know anything about KING KONG except what I'd read in the papers. The ads showed a gorilla, and I liked gorilla movies."

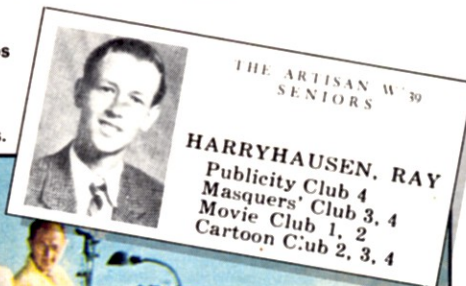
Ray Harryhausen, age 12

Fred and Martha Harryhausen, both American natives with roots several generations back in Germany, came comparatively late to parenthood; their only child, Ray, was born in Los Angeles on June 29, 1920, when Martha was 32. Fred was a machinist by trade, and he passed his capability with tools on to his son. Even though Fred worked constantly, the family was not wealthy by any means. Nevertheless, he and Martha doted on their son, indulging him with frequent Sunday trips to his favorite haunts: museums, movies and the ocean.

Young Ray was fascinated by the terrible lizards of cons past, the dinosaurs, and constantly finagled his father into driving across town to the La Brea Tar Pits at Hancock Park. Here, trapped in bogs of thick oil-mud and tar, were the remains of the great prehistoric mammals: sabre-tooth tigers and 12-foot woolly mammoths with their lance-like tusks.

Nearer home, and even more exciting, was the Museum of Nat-

Inset Right: 18-year-old Ray Harryhausen, a graduate of Los Angeles' Manual Arts High School, class of Winter, 1939. His listing in the school yearbook shows club activities.



Left: Harryhausen animating the Jasper Puppetoon *NUTS AND BOLTS* in 1942. Clockwise from left: producer-director George Pal, cameraman Paul Sprunk, an unknown assistant, floor manager George Jordan and animators Harryhausen and Willis O'Brien.



GUADALCANAL, one of two Army training films Harryhausen made in the early '40s to win a job with the Frank Capra unit of the Army signal corps. **Top:** A three-dimensional mockup of the island, circled by animated Kongish birds. **Bottom:** A Japanese battleship sinks, an early experiment with split-screen techniques Harryhausen developed into *Dynamation*, showing his use of superimposed, churning foam, characteristic of his later aquatic monstrosities.

ural History near the University of Southern California. There, thanks to painstaking work by archeologists, the reconstructed skeletons of the dinosaurs loomed above the impressionable Harryhausen. Martha bought her son an illustrated picture-book that featured the paintings of prehistoric fauna by Charles Knight, pictures that brought color and drama to the ancient past.

Films, too, played a large part in forming the child's mind. Doug Fairbanks, romping through the mythical Hollywood Arabia on his winged horse and battling dragons and monstrous bats in *THE THIEF OF BAG-*

DAD, caught the boy's eye. Charles Knight's paintings came to snarling, destructive life in *THE LOST WORLD*. Fritz Lang's mythic *SIEGFRIED* with the dragon Fafner, *METROPOLIS* with its vast futuristic vistas and dynamic robot, Lon Chaney's misshapen creations, even Laurel and Hardy with their sublimely stylized pantomime, all made lasting impressions on the pre-teen. But as yet, Ray Harryhausen was still an observer. With Hollywood casts and crews all over dusty Los Angeles streets making films, he felt no need to observe the tedious process of filming. "I had no interest in making movies at that tender age," Harryhausen said.

A gifted boy with pencils and ink, young Ray found his artistic ability served him as well in three dimensions as in two. "In grammar school," he recalled, "our teacher gave us a project where we had to make models of the California missions. I enjoyed that, because I could work with my hands in the clay and the mud and make things. I developed a yen for three-dimensional objects rather than flat ones." The experience soon led Harryhausen to create his own prehistoric dioramas using clay saurians with toothpick teeth.

In the late '20s came reports of an archeological expedition in the Mongolian deserts that had uncovered the fossils of grown Triceratops, baby fossils and unhatched, petrified dinosaur eggs. Young Ray dreamed of trekking into unknown lands on adventurous digs, but somehow the discovery of long-dead bones was nowhere near as exciting as the mental image of the real, breathing thing.

Also in the late '20s came the Depression, but it did not hit the Harryhausen family as hard as it did many others. "We got by," Harryhausen said. "My dad was always working in the Depression; he just had a few weeks where he had some problems."

In 1933 came the turning point: *KING KONG*.

"I didn't know anything about the film except what I'd seen in the papers," said Harryhausen. "The ads showed a gorilla. And I liked gorilla movies. But going to it was almost an accident. My aunt was a nurse who took care of Sid Grauman's mother.

He gave my aunt two tickets to the film, which she then gave to my mother."

The theater was Grauman's Chinese on Hollywood Boulevard, an impressive picture palace even in its subdued moments, with peaked Oriental roofs, leering foo-dog statues around the forecourt and, in the cement, the prints of such stars as Fairbanks, Pickford, Barrymore and Swanson. For *KING KONG*, Sid Grauman had redecorated the forecourt in Skull Island Primitive: tropical plants all over, pink flamingoes wandering through the greenery, spotlights illuminating everything.

"My mother and I went down there," said Harryhausen, "and the first thing I saw was a big bust of Kong, towering over everything else in this jungle setting. We went inside, and first there was a spectacular stage show with 'native dancers' doing a special number, a sort of live prologue to the film that was exciting and mysterious. It somehow appealed to my Gothic or Germanic background."

The film began: Max Steiner's thundering music; the fog-wreathed dock; the line, "Is this the motion picture ship?"; the blonde beauty off the streets sailing into uncharted seas; Skull Island rising from the ocean mist; the fierce islanders; the abduction; and then the star of the show, Kong.

"I was entranced," said Harryhausen. "I'd seen guys in gorilla suits, but when I saw Kong I knew he hadn't been done that way."

Then followed the dinosaurs. Not the mute creatures of *THE LOST WORLD*, these enormous reptiles screeched, bellowed, roared and crowed. Young Ray, not quite 13 years old, stared into the depths of the vine-covered jungles and steaming swamps and saw the creatures he had studied for years truly come alive. They fought, twitched, twisted and slithered.

"I came out of the theater stunned and haunted," he recalled. "I knew they couldn't be real—although maybe in the back of my mind, I hoped they were... They looked absolutely lifelike. It was showmanship, illusion, absolutely fantastic."

Harryhausen returned to the theater several times, staring at the publicity photos in the foyer, gaping



up at the moving head of Kong in the forecourt. "I wanted to know how it was done," he said.

Much had been written about the techniques of special effects even in 1933, but much of it was mangled half-truth. As early as 1919, in an article on *THE GHOST OF SLUMBER MOUNTAIN*, a magazine printed the claim of a Herbert M. Dawley that the moving dinosaurs were "seventeen feet (high made of) lumber, cloth, paint and clay." Nowhere in the piece does Dawley credit the man who designed, constructed and animated the animals. A one-page pictorial "explanation" of *KING KONG* claimed that a man in a gorilla suit stood in front of a special red process screen, which was then combined with shots of the Empire State Building and Fay Wray. As unsophisticated as the 13-year-old truth-seeker might have been, Harryhausen knew that none of this quite explained *KING KONG*.

"I hadn't really been exposed to movie-making while living in Los Angeles," said Harryhausen, "but when I saw *KING KONG*, I made it my duty to find out. I met several people who worked on the picture in various minor capacities. They told me about stop-motion: how long it took, how the process was done—the parts they *knew* about. They weren't

EVOLUTION, a full color amateur epic begun by Harryhausen in the late '30s, while still in his teens. **Right:** A tyrannosaur attacks a triceratops in a prehistoric glade. **Far Right:** Harryhausen animates his model allosaur as it jumps into frame to attack a brontosaur, which has just waded onto the beach of his tabletop set. Harryhausen built up his animation models over metal armatures supplied by his father, a machinist. The film, inspired by *KING KONG* was never completed.





MOTHER GOOSE STORIES, the first solo professional effort by Harryhausen, filmed in 1945 after a three-year stint in the Signal Corps. The 11-minute color film featured four fairy tales—Little Miss Muffet (shown left), Old Mother Hubbard, The Queen of Hearts, and Humpty Dumpty—linked with a prologue and epilogue featuring Mother Goose. Little Miss Muffet, typical of the four tales, featured a single set which Harryhausen trucked-in on as he unfolded the story using animated subtitles. He dissolved together three interchangeable faces to alter expressions.

THE FIRST STEPS— FRAME BY FRAME

"I knew what I was aiming for, but there was always the fear that I wouldn't succeed."

Ray Harryhausen, age 16

Harryhausen's first attempt at animation was accomplished with a borrowed camera. "A friend of mine, a fellow by the name of Jack Roberts, had an old Victor 16mm camera that did not, unfortunately, have a single-frame mechanism," Harryhausen recalled. "I built a cave bear in miniature, with wooden joints and a wooden frame. As I'm sure everyone knows by now, I covered the bear frame with a hunk of fur from an old coat of my mother's. It was a coat she didn't use much anymore. At least, I hoped it was!"

The resulting seminal piece of footage no longer exists, probably to Harryhausen's benefit. "The movement was rather jerky," he said, "and not terribly effective. We had a problem with the shadows—we shot the scene outside, and the sun moved, as it does, over the time we shot. But at least it was a start!"

Harryhausen continued experimenting with the cave bear model, this time under controlled conditions in a makeshift studio set up in his father's garage. With a painted backdrop and a diorama of scaled-down trees made of tin for steadiness, Harryhausen repeated the animation attempts with the Victor camera. According to David Massaro, who owns copies of these early experiments and who is Harryhausen's number-one fan, they compare favorably with professional work done years later for theatrical films, such as the dinosaurs animated by Augie Lohman for 1951's *THE LOST CONTINENT*.

Not content with simple table-top animation, Harryhausen back-wound the film to matte himself and his beloved German shepherd, Kong, into the scene. The bear model is well-detailed, with a moving tongue, claws and rolling eyeballs; evidently a wire-armatured human was used in some test shots, though these may also be lost to time. The bear's movements, shot with the imprecise method of quickly hitting the button and releasing it, are remarkably fluid. "We never really knew whether we were getting the one-frame-at-a-time effect we wanted, or two frames, or four," said Harryhausen. "But it was a thrill to see the object move by itself."

In the clip, the cave bear lumbers out of its cave over to the area where Kong and the teenaged Ray are standing. It leans against a tree and takes a swipe at the tiny human's head. Harryhausen ducks down with Kong, the bear turns, and wanders back into the cave. Considering the drawbacks under which the segment was made—the lack of single-frame capacity and the inability to see the animated and live-action components together until the film was developed—the interaction between model bear and

on the "in" of the picture. *That* got me interested in film."

An article in *Look* magazine filled in some details on how the picture was created, and Harryhausen ate up every word. Miniature animals with ball-and-socket skeletons and rubber hides were moved bit-by-bit as the camera clicked off each frame, combined with scaled-down props and painted scenery on layers of glass, and optically matched with human figures. The article also credited the man who had masterminded the process, first for *THE LOST WORLD*, then *KING KONG*: Willis O'Brien. But Harryhausen wasn't ready to meet him yet. "I wouldn't have known what to say!"

Time passed, and Ray grew into a tall boy rather too thin for his height, with wavy brown hair, a deep voice and a drive to make magic in the movies. In addition to the required classes at Manual Arts High School, Ray became active in the Movie Club,

the Cartoon Club, the Masquers and the Publicity Club. Naturally, much of his spare time was spent in darkened movie houses—especially if *KING KONG* was making the rounds again.

During the 1938 major re-release of *KING KONG*, Harryhausen met other young fantasy buffs whose careers would parallel his own. The first meeting happened as a direct result of the film. When Harryhausen tried to talk a theater manager out of some stills in the lobby, he was directed to their owner, Forest J Ackerman, Mr. Sci-Fi himself and since 1958 the editor of *Famous Monsters of Filmland*. Forry copied his stills for Harryhausen, and a lifelong friendship has been the result.

Through Forry Ackerman, Harryhausen learned of the Los Angeles Science-Fiction Society and began to attend the weekly meetings at Clifton's Cafeteria, a three-story cafe downtown. The Brown Room, high

on the third floor, rang with the early prose of A.E. Van Vogt, Robert Heinlein and a teenaged, would-be writer named Ray Bradbury. The two Rays hit it off immediately, both of them more inclined to dream of fantasy than hard-core science fiction.

"He's changed very little since then," recalled Bradbury. "He'd always been straight-on into his animation, since I met him when we were both about 17 years old. We used to talk for hours on the phone, and we'd never talk about girls—we'd talk about dinosaurs! We were both kind of odd, I must say. Closet dinosaur people. He was at a high school across town from me in Los Angeles, but oddly enough, he was in the same school as the girl who became my wife years later, Margaurite McClure."

Bradbury was doubly impressed with Harryhausen when he found that not only did the gangly teenager have dreams—he had begun to put those dreams on film.





Darlyne O'Brien, holding her husband's Oscar for MIGHTY JOE YOUNG (1949). The irrepresible Obie added the headdress to the statue because he felt it looked "too stern" unadorned.

real Harryhausen is nicely synchronized.

Harryhausen created another wooden skeleton upon which he molded a stegosaurus. He began collecting any and all available printed information on lighting, photography and miniatures. But in the back of his mind, he worried that this highly-specialized technique might be a dead-end.

Recalled Harryhausen: "You couldn't just say, 'This is what I'm going to be.' That's always something that develops over time. I knew what I was aiming for, but there was always the fear that I wouldn't succeed. So I thought maybe I'd be a commercial artist at one point; I liked paleontology, Egyptology and all that sort of stuff. I often thought, 'I'm going back to Egypt someday,' because somehow I'd come from there."

High school rapidly came to an end. In the final few months at Manual Arts, Harryhausen put aside the animation experiments briefly to join the cast of the senior class play,

an old-fashioned melodrama called "Shadow of the Rockies." Billed sixth out of a cast of about 20, the tall, thin "Ray Harryhausen" [sic] played the character role of "Judge Thompson," which earned him a positive review in the school paper. The review makes no mention of Ray's hoofing ability, or the dance act he performed after the play with its student director, Virginia Weddle.

The split-year class graduated in January. Harryhausen palled around with senior class vice-president Jim McMullen (the only classmate with whom he stayed in touch over the years), Bradbury and Ackerman.

Harryhausen continued his stop motion experiments and model building, but was never entirely satisfied with the results. "I'd build them up, then tear them down again and start the whole process over," he said. Nevertheless, he was confident enough to make his first step toward making movies "for real." Harryhausen learned that Willis O'Brien was working on an adventure fantasy across town in Culver City. "He was preparing WAR EAGLES for MGM," said Harryhausen. "I told him I was a great fan of his, that I'd made my own models, and he kindly consented for me to bring them over."

Harryhausen, with his mother and father, visited O'Brien and his wife Darlyne. Harryhausen pulled his models from a suitcase and offered them to O'Brien for inspection. "He was kindly and thoughtful," remembered Harryhausen, "and he put me at ease right away."

Darlyne O'Brien, now the housekeeper of Harryhausen's home in Pacific Palisades, California, remembers that visit. "Ray had a very serious turn of mind," she said, "which was the exact opposite of Obie. He was such a young boy, so interested, trying so hard. He brought these cute dinosaurs and this little piece of film he'd made, and I just praised him to the skies. 'You mean you did all that by yourself?'"

O'Brien, though, was slightly more critical. Said Harryhausen: "He told me, 'Very interesting, but your

models don't have any character. You've got to study anatomy and give them character!' He was right, of course. My stegosaurus had legs that just hung there like wrinkled prunes. I realized I'd have to study muscle structure, anatomy and sculpture quite seriously. I needed anatomical accuracy and believability, even though my models were for the most part imaginary or fantastic creations."

After the Harryhausens left, recalled Darlyne, "Obie looked at me sort of funny and said, 'You realize, of course, that you're encouraging my competition.'"

Harryhausen enrolled in classes at Los Angeles City College (LACC) in 1939, only a few blocks from the amorphous, undefined geographical district called Hollywood. Into this milieu, when textbooks were two-dollars and hamburgers and shakes ten cents each, Harryhausen continued his education.

The art classes came easy; more difficult were the anatomy classes. Perhaps the most difficult in terms of personal challenge was a drama class taught by Charlotte Knight. Harryhausen was still a rather introverted young man; performing was not natural to him. Nevertheless, according to an *Argosy* profile written by Dolph Sharp in 1958, Harryhausen used the class to develop an ability to express gross animal emotions: fear, rage, anger, puzzlement and hunger. Miss Knight, an actress, playwright and director, seemed rather puzzled at the apparent contradictions. Harryhausen grew close to his teacher and confided his dreams. The older woman would play a bigger part in Harryhausen's career later, but in 1941, whether she knew it or not, she was helping give Harryhausen's creations some "character."

In his spare time, Harryhausen continued filmmaking in his father's garage. With his new 16mm Kodak Cine II camera—with a much-needed single-frame capacity—he began recreating the monsters from the paintings of Charles Knight. Ball-and-socket metal joints—made with the help of his machinist father—and

metal skeletons proved far more flexible and sturdy than the crude wooden insides of the cave bear. Harryhausen sculpted the models in foam rubber directly onto the frame. Table-top sets—using plaster of paris rock-shapes and cliffs, painted canvas backgrounds and trees cut from tin or molded in plaster for sturdiness—were built, dismantled and built again. Harryhausen's dinosaur menagerie grew.

"I began to go to night school at USC," said Harryhausen. "It wasn't outrageously expensive, at least not then. They'd just started a film course. I remember we had quonset huts for classrooms. They had various art directors and photographers from the studios come over and lecture. I remember Lou Physioc, a cinematographer, used to talk about matte shots, give demonstrations and things."

Even surrounded by fellow filmmakers, Harryhausen continued to create films by himself. "I got no help from anybody that I was going to school with, because I couldn't find anybody interested," he said. "Maybe that's why I became a lone wolf. Now, if I'd been born 30 years earlier, I would've enjoyed the '30s and '40s, the most productive period in Hollywood. That's the way it goes."

George Pal, the Hungarian animator whose trick puppet films had been seen on American screens for several years, came to Hollywood in 1940 to escape the coming war and to ply his trade in the movie capital. Harryhausen took his dinosaur films and models to Pal's small studio off McCadden Place, understandably nervous on applying for his first professional movie job. Pal hired him for his Puppetoon series, to be distributed by Paramount.

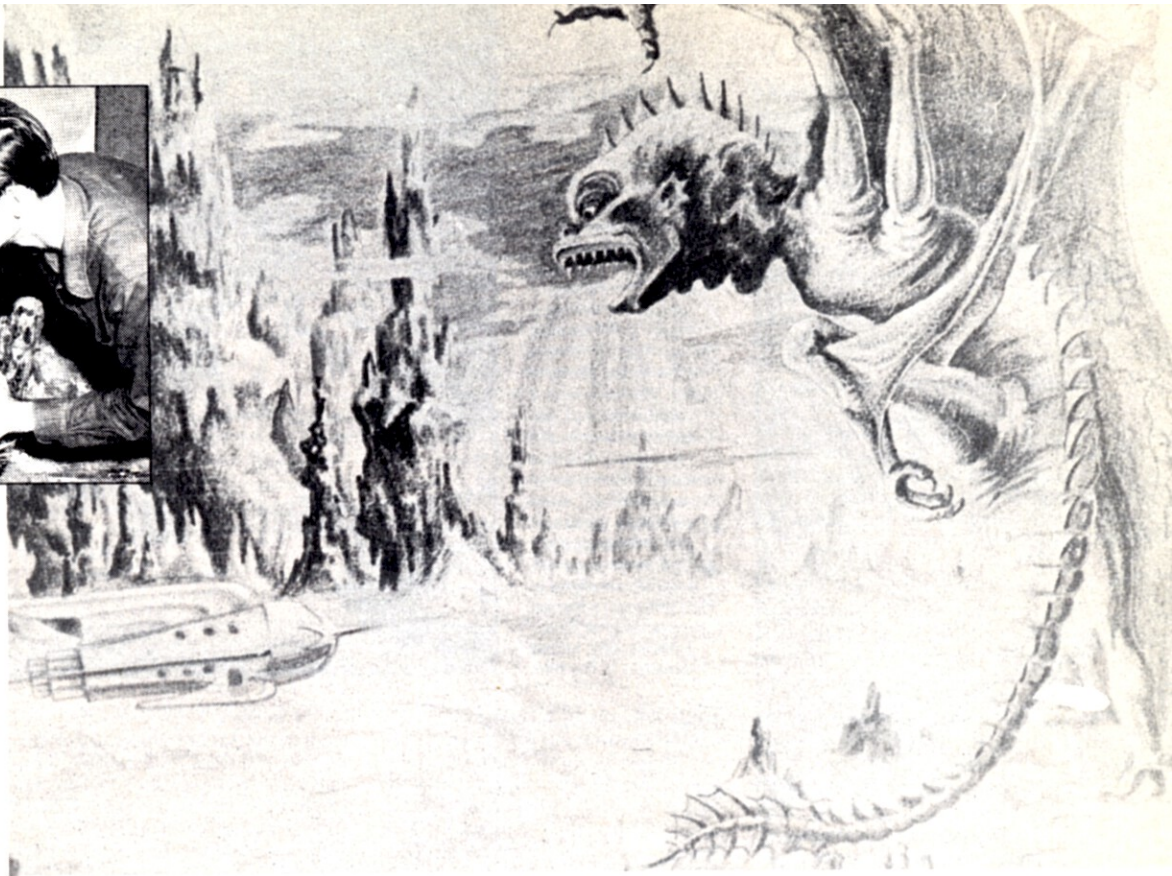
"I worked on three or four of the 'Jim Dandy' films, a lot of the 'Jasper' Puppetoons, and SLEEPING BEAUTY," said Harryhausen. "Most of the titles escape me. One was called HOOLA BOOLA. With Jim Dandy, we had a little character that Pal thought would catch on." HOOLA BOOLA was one of the first Pup-



WAR OF THE WORLDS was a project Harryhausen tried to sell RKO's Jesse Lasky in 1949, after working on MIGHTY JOE YOUNG. Following Wells' novel closely, Harryhausen sculpted a Martian (left), which he filmed emerging from a downed cylinder for a 16mm color test reel. Harryhausen also drew 10 key sketches showing the on-slaughter of the aliens' mechanical tripod war machines on Victorian England. But Lasky turned down the idea because period pictures were too costly. Harryhausen offered the creature to Howard Hawks for use in THE THING, also without luck.



THE JUPITERIAN looming over a space ship, one of Harryhausen's first preproduction sketches (circa '39), shows the influence of his membership in the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society. Inset: In his family garage, Harryhausen poses with the stop motion model, among his first to use a metal armature, and the miniature set he made to film black and white tests.



petoons featuring the Jim Dandy character, a wide-eyed innocent who always encountered trouble. Eclipsed by the much greater popularity of the Jasper series, about the misadventures of a little colored boy, the Dandy character was soon phased out of production.

The Pal studio, though small, employed several dozen people in various capacities. The stop-motion figures were not the jointed, pliable latex-and-metal creatures O'Brien used; Pal's characters were stylized, cartoonish mannequins cut from wood and turned on a lathe, then painted and detailed. Each separate position required another figure, each eye-blink or mouth movement (the figures were synched to a prerecorded soundtrack like regular two-dimensional cartoons) called for another head.

What salary did Harryhausen receive as a Puppetoon puppetmaster? "You don't really want to know!" he laughed. "I started out at \$16 a week. It was good for the time, and it went up as Pal got to know me better and recognized what I could do."

Harryhausen got to work side-by-side with Willis O'Brien at the Pal studio, but working for Pal was probably not a happy experience for Obie. Between pictures, as they say, O'Brien needed to take whatever work came along. WAR EAGLES, the project he was planning for MGM, had fallen through. And several years before that, after the resounding success of KING KONG, O'Brien's first wife shot and killed their two small sons, then turned the gun on herself. Disappointment and rotten luck dogged O'Brien most of his life, but he steadfastly refused to give in to it. His second marriage, to Darlyne, was a happy one.

"Obie had a great sense of humor, and it was wonderful working with him at Pal," said Harryhausen, "though he was only there for a short time." Harryhausen, though intensely serious about his work, was "no grouch," according to Darlyne, and made a good audience for Obie's irrepressible humor. But the elder ani-

mator did not care for the comparatively simple Puppetoons.

Nor, in fact, did Harryhausen. The shorts gave him much practical experience in modeling techniques and photography, but much of it was incidental to what Harryhausen really wanted to do.

Harryhausen struck up a friendship with a young Chinese artist at the studio, Wah Chang. Though they did not work together, precisely—Chang sculpted in one part of the studio, Harryhausen animated in another—their friendship continued during off-duty hours.

"When Harryhausen and I met we were both pretty young," explained Chang, now spending his time in Santa Barbara away from the rush of

Hollywood. "We'd lunch together and occasionally visit each other's work area, but neither sculpting nor animation is something you can do with a lot of people around. He was not gregarious, but he was fun to be around and laughed easily. We had him over to dinner, and several times he'd have us over to his folks' house for dinner. And by that time [1943], he had seen KING KONG more than 80 times! We remained in touch throughout the years, but never worked together after that."

The "Jasper" Puppetoons have come under attack in recent years as stereotypical, derogatory and racist. The character is clearly cut from the standard "happy darkie" mold, the mischievous colored boy always get-

ting into trouble or trying to score some watermelon.

"It had nothing to do with racism," Harryhausen said. "JASPER AND THE WATERMELONS was about a happy little black boy who liked watermelons. What people read into this today, I don't know, or have any idea why. There was never anything offensive as far as I remember."

Daytime work at Pal meant dropping out of classes at LACC, "but I kept attending night school, because I had this insatiable curiosity," said Harryhausen. "If I wasn't doing something, learning something, reading something useful, I felt that I was wasting time."

Though the Pal Studio was basically a happy place, the work proved frustrating for Harryhausen, whose interests lay elsewhere. The financial security was nice, and it enabled him to actually work in the business, but this was very much an assembly line process. His dream project at the time was a full-length feature for possible scholastic release, EVOLUTION OF THE WORLD, or more modestly, EVOLUTION. "The film was to be an entire history of this planet," he said. "Naturally, I started with the dinosaurs, because that's what interested me the most."

Some of the shots in segments Harryhausen made for the film are fully as intricate as anything in THE LOST WORLD, doubly interesting because Harryhausen worked utterly alone. In one shot, Harryhausen shows his debt to Gustave Dore and KING KONG. Framed by a glass painting of twisted trees, roots and hanging creepers, a thunder lizard clomps through the mist (painted on glass) as tiny birds cut from tin fly by on invisible support wires. The dinosaur staggers back as an allosaurus leaps snapping and snarling into

Harryhausen's earliest stop motion footage extant features a cave bear made from his mom's fur coat on a wooden frame. He matted-in himself and his dog at right.



frame (a grand entrance that would appear in many later films). "I was thinking of 'The Firebird Suite,'" said Harryhausen, "which has a certain chord in it that made me think, 'That's where an allosaurus should leap into frame!'"

Several problems prevented the film from being finished. Work at the Pal Studio took up most of Harryhausen's time; that, and continuing classes at USC. Even working at night when the spirit moved him, Harryhausen realized that doing the project by himself would take months, if not years. On top of this, Walt Disney beat him to the punch with "The Rite of Spring" sequence in *FANTASIA*, which, though done in cel-animation, covered much the same ground.

While working for George Pal, Harryhausen became friends with another member of the Puppetoons staff, Stuart O'Brien (no relation to Willis). "I saw Harryhausen about three years ago out here, and he hasn't changed," O'Brien said. "He's never grown up. He's just a kid at heart. I told that to Wah Chang, and he said, 'We're all like that, even you. We spend all our time playing with toys!'"

"Ray was very unflappable," continued O'Brien. "If the roof fell on his head, he'd look around and say, 'Who did that?' And he'd never swear, never. We talked about him, you know. 'Gee, the guy never swears. How about that?' We figured if he smashed his thumb with a hammer, he'd say, 'Oh, my goodness...'"

Harryhausen was so "unflappable" because he'd learned a valuable lesson while making *EVOLUTION*. While setting up a glass painting for a shot of his brontosaurus model in a misty glade, he became frustrated at something and threw a hammer to the floor of his garage workshop. The hammer bounced up and smashed the glass painting on which he had labored for so long. Harryhausen called the incident his "lesson in patience," and vowed never again to let his work's petty annoyances get the better of him.

In 1942, the U.S. Army drafted Ray Harryhausen. Realizing that the Army made training films, Harryhausen figured the best way to serve would be by doing something he knew well—filmmaking. He tried to get into the Signal Corps. "I made a couple of stop-motion examples of training-films," he said. "That is how I got into the Capra unit in Hollywood. 'How to Bridge a Gorge' was one that I made with toy tanks and guns on a tabletop set. Very few people did dimensional animation at the time, and Capra and his assistants were impressed with it, so they accepted me."

"I met Frank Capra several times but didn't work with him directly. I was with the Western Avenue Division making 'Army-Navy Screen Magazine,' a theatrical newsreel for the military. I did bits and pieces of special effects while I was there, but mostly worked as assistant photographer to men like Joe Valentine and Joe Biroc. Loader, clapper boy, gofer, all the things one does. I toured the United States making 'Screen Magazine,' and almost went to two

LITTLE RED

RIDING HOOD

flees from the wolf in grandmother's house (right) in Harryhausen's second fairy tale short, made after completing work on **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG**.

At the short's beginning, the wolf (top right) watches little Red gathering flowers in the forest (bottom right). The shot uses a static mat of real running water in the foreground. Other refinements included use of larger, more elaborate miniature sets, and intricately plotted camera moves.

A script, courtesy of Harryhausen's former drama teacher Charlotte Knight, added narration to the film.



Jima, but that didn't come off."

Harryhausen put his sculpting talents to use for *Yank* magazine, creating three-dimensional figures of Snafu, the sad-sack character of Army training films and comic books. The young soldier also began to go bald. "Yes, I think I started to lose my hair in the Army," he sighed. "I think it was all those shots they give you: typhoid, beri-beri, tetanus, hoof-and-mouth..."

In the spring of 1945, Harryhausen approached his final Army days. Rather than let him process-out in his home town, Los Angeles, the Army in its wisdom shipped him to Fort Monmouth on the East Coast. Harryhausen made the most of his time, as usual. "I had six weeks to

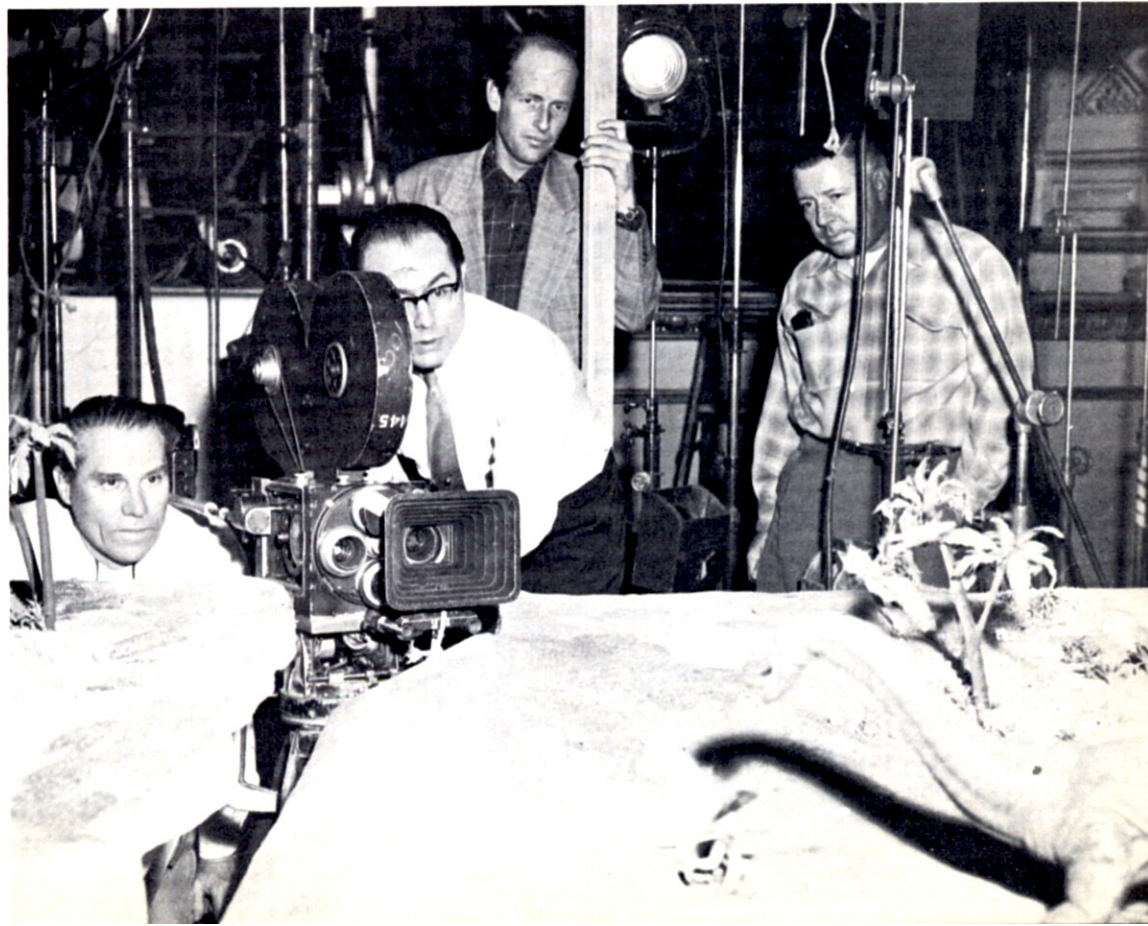
spend in New York," he said, "so I went to the Art Students League during the evenings and studied painting. I lived in Greenwich Village, but I didn't live the bohemian life. More like the pseudo-bohemian life."

By coincidence, during these last six weeks of military service, Harryhausen was stationed with Charles H. Schneer, another member of the Signal Corps also leaving the army. This bespectacled young man from the East Coast was looking forward to resuming his career in Hollywood, which had only just begun as the war broke out. Said Schneer, who later became Harryhausen's production partner, "We may have met, casually." Both men received their discharge papers—Harryhausen left

New York to see some of the more exotic parts of the world, and the young man with the glasses headed for Los Angeles.

With his mustering-out pay, Harryhausen was able to go south. "I always wanted to see the pyramids of Chichen Itza, so I took a Greyhound bus down to Miami, then a plane over to Cuba and stayed there a while. Then I flew to the Yucatan Peninsula, going through Chichen Itza and Ouschmal."

Here was a fantasy film come to Technicolor life; thick rain forests with hanging vines and oversize palm trees; animals scurrying through the greenery; gigantic stone heads 12 feet tall, half buried in five centuries of dirt; monuments rising





FAIRY TALES CAN COME TRUE...

O'Brien remembered the young fan of KING KONG, who was now desperately trying to break into the business, and called him.

Harryhausen still had his Kodak Cine II camera, with its single-frame and backwinding capabilities, and all of his lighting equipment from his pre-service days. Luck then made him look in the right direction: into a waste basket.

"Someone had thrown away a tremendous amount of 16mm Kodachrome film," he said, "a couple of thousand feet I think. It was outdated, which meant there might be a slight color shift to it as it aged. I retrieved the film and tried to think of something to do with it."

Pressing his parents into service, Harryhausen began work on a series of two-minute animated fairy tales: Little Miss Muffet, Old Mother Hubbard, The Queen of Hearts and Humpty Dumpty. "They were mainly 'teething rings,'" Harryhausen said. "I didn't have any direct market when I made them."

Fred Harryhausen helped construct the sets and models, Martha Harryhausen did the costumes and beautiful draperies for some of the sets, and Harryhausen did the rest, from designing the stories and action, to animating and shooting, to editing. The credits list Fred Blasauf as "associate" and Martha Reske for costumes. "That was my dad's mother's name, and my mother's maiden name," Harryhausen laughed, aware of the mystery these credits caused among fans in later years. "I didn't want the Harryhausen name all over the place. That would've looked silly."

Harryhausen used replacement animation for the fairy tales—similar to the George Pal shorts, but with a twist. "I devised my own method," he said. "I didn't want to make 50 heads, one for every expression, for every vowel. And I didn't have dialogue anyway, so I simply made extreme expressions and dissolved from one

to the other, quick eight-frame dissolves in-camera, which nobody had done up to then. I'm sure it's been done since. I used the same type of effect, a quick dissolve, when I dissolved the wall of force in 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD, where the Cyclops is throwing the rock."

When non-theatrical distributor Bailey Films expressed interest in the segments, Harryhausen tied them together with a short Mother Goose prologue and epilogue. The resulting 11-minute short was titled MOTHER GOOSE STORIES and was sold to schools, libraries, churches and civic groups in 1946.

Across town, in a small house in Hollywood, Willis O'Brien came through his front door with a big smile on his face. His wife Darlyne asked what was up. Grinning, O'Brien replied, "Coop wants to make another gorilla picture."

Merian C. Cooper never topped the success of KING KONG, even though his overpowering—some would say overbearing—drive as a producer resulted in films with grand aspirations, such as THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII (the memorable scenes of which were created by Willis O'Brien). Cooper had joined with director John Ford in a partnership called Argosy Pictures, a company that would ostensibly free Ford from meddling studio executives. Cooper was a producer with whom Ford could work—he was aggressive, but he knew when to leave the director alone. During the making of Argosy's first picture, THE FUGITIVE, Ford had the last word. But that was fine with Cooper, who wanted to produce his own pictures.

Cooper knew that surpassing KING KONG would be impossible. But with MIGHTY JOE YOUNG he planned to play a variation on that same theme. It wouldn't be an outright comedy, like the unimpressive SON OF KONG, but the story would have a lighter touch. He reassembled his KING KONG team: director Ernest Schoedsack, now partially blind; screenwriter Ruth Rose, Schoedsack's wife; and Willis O'Brien, the final and most essential member of the team.

O'Brien's talent was undeniable. His luck, alas, was excruciatingly bad. The WAR EAGLES project on which he'd been working when Harryhausen first came to visit had fallen

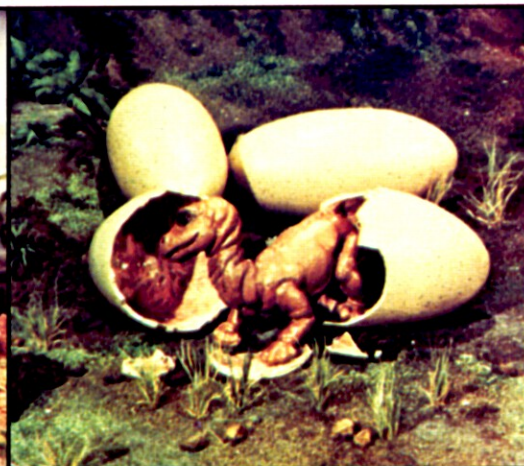


THE STORY OF RAPUNZEL was Harryhausen's fourth fairy tale short made in 1952. **Top:** Rapunzel is imprisoned by a wicked witch. **Bottom:** After lowering her hair for the witch, Rapunzel is surprised to find a young prince instead, come to rescue her.

through. Another major project, GWANGI, got deep-sixed after nearly a year of preparation. O'Brien too, had never topped KING KONG. If Cooper's idea of Joe, a 10-foot gorilla, was something less than the overpowering ape of 1933, then at least it was a job. O'Brien accepted and began sketching out ideas for the film.

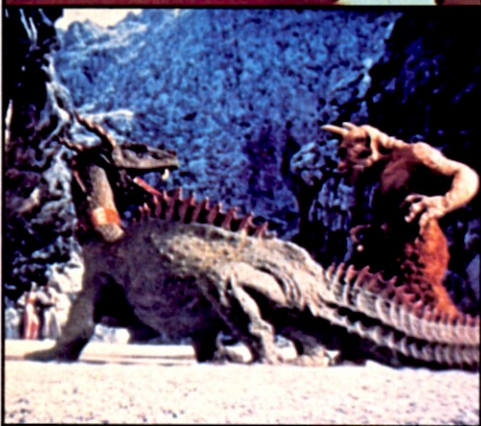
Because of the multitude of technical problems the project would create, Obie realized his time for actual hands-on animation would be limited. He thought of Harryhausen, the young fan inspired by KING KONG who was now desperately trying to break into the business, and called him. Harryhausen showed O'Brien some of his dinosaur footage from the now-dormant EVOLUTION and his MOTHER GOOSE short. O'Brien hired him.

THE ANIMAL WORLD (1955) gave Harryhausen the opportunity to carry through with EVOLUTION, his unrealized documentary on prehistoric life. **Left:** Harryhausen watches as producer-director Irwin Allen lines up a table-top shot featuring a brontosaurus and a fleeing caveman, from the first animation cut in the picture. **At left is cinematographer Harold Wellman.** Harryhausen operated his own camera and on some set-ups used two cameras simultaneously. **Below:** The Brontosaurus. **Middle:** A baby Brontosaurus hatches from an egg. **Right:** A Stegosaur and Ceratosaur do battle.





Harryhausen's models live a life of their own, and sometimes get reincarnated. **Top Left: The Ymir from 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH (1957), approximately 14" tall, posed with the Dragon from THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD (1958), about 16" high and 40" long at full extension. The Ymir was stripped down and its armature used to build a Cyclops to fight the Dragon. Middle Left: The Dragon in action with the Cyclops model that resulted. Bottom Left: The Ymir posed with the main Cyclops model, about 18" tall. The smaller Cyclops would be defeated more realistically by the Dragon and Harryhausen gave it an extra horn and swept them both forward to differentiate it from the larger Cyclops. Right: Scenes of the Venusian Ymir as it appeared in 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH. Top: Its discovery after it has hatched from an egg, about the size of the actual model. Bottom: Atop the Coliseum after its amazing growth on Earth.**



SORCERER'S APPRENTICE

"I think Ray's mother instilled in him the need to do something worthwhile every moment of his time."

Darlyne O'Brien

"I worked with Obie all through preproduction," said Harryhausen of his stint as Willis O'Brien's assistant on *MIGHTY JOE YOUNG*. "It was a great delight. He was my mentor, my hero. I helped mount Obie's sketches—I did only one or two minor sketches for the show—sharpened pencils, cut mattes for tests, all the things one does as a helper learning the business. The animation wasn't due for a long time."

For O'Brien's consideration, Harryhausen also sculpted a bust of Joe based on photos of Bushman, the famous gorilla of Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo. Harryhausen's concept was never used. Sculptor Marcel Delgado eventually based Joe's design on Guargantua, a famous circus ape.

Fitch Fulton, father of effects master John Fulton and a great talent in his own right, created the matte paintings for the Africa sequences that would begin the picture. Fulton, Jack Shaw, Lou Litchenfield and other studio artists did a total of 25 paintings. "They worked a long, long time on those," Harryhausen recalled, "because they had to set them up, test them, shoot some film, paint a little more. Very time-consuming, to say the least."

Absorbed in preproduction, Harryhausen saw 1947 breeze by. He became a union member in good standing of Local 44 and took a short break from the RKO lot in Culver City to serve as best man for the marriage of his old chum, Ray Bradbury, to Margaurite McClure.

O'Brien admired his protege, but worried that Harryhausen took life too seriously. "Obie took Ray down to the races once," Darlyne remembered, "and Ray just couldn't understand it at all. He seemed bored to death with it. I think Ray's mother instilled in him the need to do something worthwhile every moment of his time. He was so serious, which was just the opposite of Obie, who was like a little boy up to the day he died. I'd ask, 'What do you do for fun?' and Ray would say, 'Oh, I have my fun.'"

Harryhausen's fun consisted of collecting movie soundtracks, which he still does today. That, studying mythology, metaphysics and technical aspects of motion, watching happily as his friend Bradbury began to sell stories to bigger magazines, and listening to Obie spin stories of the days of *KING KONG* and *THE LOST WORLD* were Harryhausen's chief pleasures. "My social life at the time was pretty negligible," Harryhausen shrugged. "My main interest was my job."

During the many months, then years, of preproduction work, "the picture was on, then off, then on again," Harryhausen said. "I never knew whether it was going to be made until the principal photography started." One problem may have been Cooper's iffy track record. The first film from his new company, *THE FUGI-*





MIGHTY JOE YOUNG was a dream come true for 27-year-old Ray Harryhausen: a chance to work with Willis O'Brien. Harryhausen poses during animation with one of three 18" Joe puppets crafted by Marcel Delgado and George Lofgren.

TIVE, did not do well. Another complicating factor were the changing managements at RKO.

In December, 1947, Harryhausen finally began animation. Since **KING KONG** was clearly the greatest influence on Harryhausen's life and work, he occasionally repeated movements made by the great ape of Skull Island with Joe, relying on reference films of actual gorillas for only the most basic motions.

"We sent a camera crew to Chicago to film the big gorilla in the zoo there," said Harryhausen. "He was one of the only really large gorillas in captivity at the time, though there was Gargantua, the circus gorilla; he was big but quite old. We looked at the films and studied the mannerisms. But on **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG**, you couldn't just duplicate reality, because Joe is a sympathetic character. A gorilla is not going to express the emotions you want to show on film. These are the things you must add. Obie would sketch out a scene, it would be discussed by everyone involved, and eventually we got it on film."

Harryhausen's first animation cut was a shot of Joe sulking in a basement cage after his nightclub act. The beautifully poignant scene shows Joe slumped in a heap, toying aimlessly with a food tray. Through a barred window background (miniature rear projection), a lowly garbageman hauls out a load of trash. With a slight lift of his eyebrows, a slow, nearly imperceptible roll of his head, Joe watches the man leave; even the garbageman has more freedom than the "star" of the show.

Next came the drunk scene—to be combined later with live actors on a process stage—in which Joe takes several bottles of booze from three drunks. Bits and pieces of action went before the single-frame cameras over the next few months even though principal photography wouldn't begin until November, 1948.

One incident helped move animation along a little quicker: O'Brien's discovery of Pete Peterson, who worked as a grip on the picture. Peterson "borrowed" one of the Joe puppets and a camera, took them out

onto a studio street and animated the ape towing a miniature wagon. Though not nearly as experienced as Harryhausen, Peterson caught on quickly. Afflicted with progressive multiple sclerosis, Peterson overcame the tremors and spastic seizures of his disease and animated several memorable scenes in **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG**, including the "Beautiful Dreamer" nightclub sequence.

Much of Peterson's work showed the funnier side of the ape, such as a cut of the gorilla picking his nose and flicking the booger gracefully into the distance, or shots of Joe seated in the back of the fleeing truck at the end of the picture, twiddling his fingers on his knees, spitting a glob of ape saliva at his pursuers. Too much of this would have made a **SON OF KONG** buffoon out of Joe, so Cooper and director Ernst B. Schoedsack excised some of it. Darlyne remembered how the spitting scene in particular upset Harryhausen's mother at the film's preview: "She came up to me and said, 'Obie shouldn't have let him do that! It wasn't nice at all!'"

John Ford, Cooper's partner, had little to do with **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG**, but he did watch some of the daily footage. "I met Ford

briefly," said Harryhausen. "He liked one of the scenes, the one where Mighty Joe turned the lion cage over, the miniature lion jumped out and turned into a real lion, and Joe chased him out of the scene. Ford sent word through the cameraman to me that he loved that scene."

Most of the cuts of cowboys on horseback roping Joe were animated by O'Brien personally. "Obie knew his horses inside out," said Darlyne. "That's why he animated them." But since the picture was very much an assembly line production, many others pitched in. Harryhausen did some of the horse work, as did model maker Marcel Delgado, according to an interview he gave many years later. O'Brien also animated some of the escaping lions in the nightclub sequence, though there is no discernible difference between his animation and Harryhausen's. For the climax at the burning orphanage, O'Brien animated several shots of Joe on the wall of the building.

After nearly two years of preproduction and another year spent finishing the animation and composite work, including about three months of principal photography, **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG** was released on July

30, 1949. The picture had cost nearly \$2 million, a figure inflated by payroll expenses for nonessential technicians and personnel mandated by union rules.

Puppetoon alumnus Stuart O'Brien remembers having lunch with Harryhausen during this period. "I'd never heard him complain about anything before," said O'Brien, "but he'd have tears in his eyes. 'I can't work,' he'd say. 'It's just impossible!' He couldn't do anything because of the unions! He couldn't light a scene—he'd have to have an electrician and two gaffers. He couldn't move a plant or anything—he'd have to have a greensman come in and do it. He couldn't paint a puppet, because that was a union job, too. He was terribly upset. It cost a fortune to do ten feet of animation, because of all these guys on the payroll."

"To do a picture like **JOE** just became too expensive after that," said Harryhausen. "All the glass shots, the miniature sets; it just took forever to do, and that's financially impossible. It was a great pleasure to work with Obie, naturally. This had been my dream for years. But assembly-line type work, such as we did on **JOE**, was not the way to do these pictures. That's purely my opinion."

Although **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG** garnered Willis O'Brien an Academy Award for his special effects in 1950, the award helped neither the film nor Obie; he would never again do a picture on this scale. Harryhausen's career, however, had begun its rise.

Harryhausen plunged back into his fairy tale subjects, picking up where he left off. The sales of **MOTHER GOOSE STORIES** had been good and were continuing. Harryhausen decided to film just one tale at a time, and chose **LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD** as the next. With the money he'd made working on **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG**, he could afford to build larger sets, hire a narrator and take the time to do more sophisticated experiments with the puppets and animation.

Harryhausen's continuing correspondence with former teacher Charlotte Knight—now living in New York—resulted in a partnership by mail. Harryhausen would write an

Harryhausen animates Joe in front of Lou Lichtenfield's glass painting of the "potato rocks." Inset: The incomparable Willis O'Brien-designed composite, complete with live-action horsemen.



outline and ship it to Miss Knight, who would revise it and make suggestions; Harryhausen would then design the puppet animation and scenic visual effects; Knight would then write the final narration script to fit the action. Now that she had seen **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG**, she realized that her former student had been doing in her drama class at Los Angeles Community College. Seeing a familiar grimace on the screen ape's face, she told a reporter for *Argosy* magazine, "Why, Ray worked that one out in class."

Harryhausen's **LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD** follows the traditional scenario with a few changes. Instead of the wolf eating Grandmother, the old lady hot-foots it out of the house in the nick of time. Technical refinements include a static matte shot of real running water.

"I experimented with a lot of things," said Harryhausen, "including that in-camera matte for the river. There are also a lot of dolly shots. Those moving camera shots took a long time to set up, to calculate and then finally to shoot. It might have taken a week to do that shot."

Harryhausen did his own camera-work, but credited it on the film to *Jerome Wray*. "I had a ring from my uncle who had a small gold mine in Jerome, Arizona," said Harryhausen, explaining the alias. "The mine went broke, and this ring was the only thing left. So I looked at the ring that said 'Jerome,' and I liked Fay Wray, so: Jerome Wray!" Harryhausen's parents, Fred and Martha, continued to help under their own pseudonyms.

After completing **LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD**, Harryhausen put aside further fairy-tale projects: Wil-



HANSEL AND GRETEL (1951) was Harryhausen's third fairy tale short. His mother Martha made costumes, set draperies, and baked the cookies and candies seen in the sets of the *Gingerbread House*. Above: Hansel and the wicked witch.

lis O'Brien had asked Harryhausen to join him on another feature. O'Brien, with his wife Darlyne, had devised a story called **EMILIO AND GULOSO**, about a young Spanish boy and his pet bull ("Guloso" is Spanish for "greedy," the boy's nickname for the bull). The title changed to **EL TORO ESTRELLA** ("The Star Bull") as the idea developed into another "lost world" type of adventure, featuring a hidden tribe of natives in a Mexican jungle filled with dinosaurs.

As usual with O'Brien, he expressed himself best pictorially, not verbally. A series of his sketches, plus a story outline written by Darlyne, was bound together in a cowhide cover—the same selling technique used for **GWANGI**. Jesse Lasky at Paramount sponsored the development.

Harryhausen drew several lengthy action sequences, reproduced in his *Film Fantasy Scrapbook* (third edition, page 11).

Unfortunately, the film business in 1950 still suffered from the TV jebbies; Paramount was unwilling to tie up capital and studio space for the length of time the film, now retitled **VALLEY OF THE MIST**, would take. Lasky dropped the project, which reverted to O'Brien. Harryhausen had no more to do with it.

Merian Cooper continued working with O'Brien intermittently. "COOPER wanted to do H. G. Wells' **FOOD OF THE GODS**," said Harryhausen, "and he wanted Obie to do the effects. I continued as Obie's assistant, and we talked about it, but nothing was ever done. The drawing of mine exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art came much later, when I was trying to revive it." Since then, with two dreary Bert I. Gordon updates of the Wells story (1965's **VILLAGE OF THE GIANTS** and 1975's **FOOD OF THE GODS**), Harryhausen has filed the idea under "story possibilities."

Harryhausen returned to his garage and his fairy tales. **HANSEL AND GRETEL** came next. Martha Harryhausen again made costumes and set draperies for her son's film, doing double-duty as baker by making candy and cookies for the gingerbread house scene. Animation fans have noted that the effect of spilt milk—when Gretel bumps into a table and knocks over a pitcher—is quite realistic. It should be. "I used real milk!" said Harryhausen. "I used cotton as it was falling, coming out of the pitcher, then it changes into real milk when it hits the floor." Rear projection comes into play with a plate projected onto the witch's fireplace; Harryhausen adds an on-set flicker to the lighting to complete the effect.

Another short followed quickly: **THE STORY OF RAPUNZEL**. Harryhausen's plan was to step up production and make a dozen ten-minute subjects for television release. Bailey Films bought the non-theatrical rights to **THE STORY OF RAPUNZEL**, as the company had with all the previous shorts, and did quite well with it.

DOING STOP MOTION FOR PEANUTS

"I've heard of this animator who worked for Willis O'Brien, and we can get him cheap!"

Hal Chester, producer

Across town in a small production office, a meeting was taking place that would change the course of Harryhausen's career. Enthusiastic about the success of "trick" pictures like **THE LOST CONTINENT** (1950), with its updated "lost world" theme, and the box office returns of science-fiction films like **THE THING** (1950) and **THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL** (1951), entrepreneurs Jack Dietz and Hal E. Chester decided to make a monster film.

Lou Morheim, who went on to produce **THE BIG VALLEY** and **IRON-SIDE** for television, was hired to bang out a script based on the producers' idea of a monster frozen in ice which is released by an atomic blast and goes on a rampage through New York City. "It was probably Chester's idea," said Morheim. "Dietz was more of a businessman." Chester hired Frenchman Eugene Lourie to design the picture and got talked into letting him direct as well.

Remembered Lourie: "Chester told me, 'I've heard of this animator who worked with Willis O'Brien, and we can get him cheap!' So we met with Harryhausen, because it was a question of O'Brien or Harryhausen, and O'Brien was too expensive." As O'Brien had predicted a decade before, Harryhausen had indeed become the competition.

"They should have checked with Obie," quipped Darlyne O'Brien. "At the time he was out of work and might not have been so expensive! Harryhausen came to Obie and asked what they could work on next. Obie said, 'Well, there's nothing going on, unfortunately.' So Ray told him, 'In that case, I'm going to have to go out and get something going myself. I've got to do something to pay the bills.' Obie wished him luck but thought it never would happen. Ray was so young, and people in Hollywood just weren't enthusiastic about animation, but Ray promoted himself very well—better in fact than Obie did, because Obie was so very shy with people and didn't know how to push himself."

"Jack Dietz came over to my house," said Harryhausen, "and saw my dinosaur experiments. He told me, 'Come on over to our office, we're talking about making a monster picture.' They had a script which I read. I told them, 'It sounds interesting, and I think I can do it.'" In addition to his **EVOLUTION** footage, Harryhausen showed Chester and Lourie his latest fairy tale, **THE STORY OF RAPUNZEL**. Both agreed he was the man for the job.

Morheim called in friend and fellow fledgling writer Fred Freiberger, later the producer of **STAR TREK: SPACE: 1999** and **THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN**. Freiberger



Harryhausen animates **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG (1949)**, the roping scene where Joe is enraged when lassoed by cowboys from Max O'Hara's *African Safari*. This reaction shot (inset) needed no live action plate. Joe is animated on a tabletop set backed by Lou Lichtenfield's painting.



remembered the situation with a cynical smile: "They found a couple writers who were starving and would work cheap, so we did the show. I'm embarrassed to remember how little we got." Continued Morheim, "By the time we began to conceive and design the monster, Ray Harryhausen came in with a large number of images to choose from. I recall an octopus being discussed, among other things."

Morheim and Freiberger began revising the script, including Harryhausen's suggestion for a fiery finale in an amusement park and a runaway roller coaster car which the hero uses to get to the monster. Harryhausen made several sketches to block out the effects sequences, basing his concept of the dinosaur on several real lizards plus a dose of imagination.

"We felt that a real dinosaur would have been too small for our purposes," said Harryhausen, "so I made it a combination of several." Called a "rhedosaurus" in the film, the name of the beast was imaginary, although the first two letters of the name happen to be the initials of its filmic father. "That was entirely coincidence," laughed Harryhausen. Lourie also had input on the look of the beast, which bears a facial resemblance to the old Creature from Jupiter. "I based it mostly on the head of the tyrannosaurus," Harryhausen said, "with a few differences."

In accepting the assignment, Harryhausen struck a deal with Chester and Dietz: he would do the effects for a flat fee of \$10,000 plus the equipment necessary for the split-screen and rear-projection work. They arranged to buy the equipment—made for O'Brien at RKO for the original KING KONG—a one-horsepower stop-motion Mitchell 35mm camera and a sin-

gle-frame projector.

The model rhedosaurus, built-up in the fashion of Delgado's creations, was covered with a scaly, latex skin and "customized" with glued-on spikes from its nose down to its tail. The few miniature streets necessary for the night shots of the beast were farmed out to a studio technician (filming process plates on location night-for-night would be impractical for animation purposes, especially with this film's low budget). Miniature props were either specially made by Harryhausen or bought off the shelf (such as the model boxcars in the dockside sequence).

As usual with a motion picture, friction developed between those with artistic and those with practical points of view. Said Freiberger: "I told Hal [Chester], let's hold back on the beast, let's not show him so soon. 'Oh, you don't understand,' he said. 'I paid \$10,000 for this fucking thing and it's going to be on screen as much as I can get away with.' But it hurts dramatically, I countered. 'Fuck that dramatically!' That's Hal Chester. He did some very nice things in films, though, a very rough spoken New Yorker with a great taste in art. He deserved a lot of credit. He did the film for peanuts, and it came out pretty good."

The project was announced in the trades as MONSTER FROM BENEATH THE SEA, but few details of the story were told, because the script was still being revised. To add flavor, Chester asked Ray Bradbury to look at the script and make suggestions.

"I heard that Ray was working on a project," said Bradbury, "and was delighted that Chester called me, because Ray and I had always dreamed about working together. Chester was a fast-talking guy with

several different things going on at once. He told me, 'We've already got a good script, but will you take an hour and go into the next room and tell us if you'll revise it?' I only knew that it was a dinosaur film, but since Ray was doing it, I figured, 'What the hell. Why not?'"

"So I read it, and first of all, it wasn't as good as Mr. Chester seemed to think, at least not in my opinion. Second, it had a vague similarity to a story I'd just had printed in *The Saturday Evening Post* called 'The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms.' So I went back and told this to Chester. Chester got this sort of funny look on his face—lawsuits dancing invisibly before his eyes, I think—and dismissed me."

Chester and Dietz sought out a copy of the magazine story, with its illustration of a prehistoric monster clambering up a lighthouse, and decided to play it safe. "They sent me a check the next day for the rights to the story and the title," said Bradbury. "The pay was nothing, really, perhaps \$2,000 at the most. And that's all I ever got out of the thing."

"I did see Ray at the time," continued Bradbury, "and we joked about working together after all those years, but in truth we really didn't work together. We're both a little afraid of it. I think we value our friendship so much that we'd hesitate. I don't think friends *should* work together. It's better to have fights with strangers. I'm not being cynical, just realistic. I love Ray too much, and I'd hate to lose his friendship. I'd still love to have him work on something of mine—but I'd stay at a distance."

The Bradbury story (reprinted later as "The Foghorn") tells of a lonely dinosaur, the last of its kind, hearing the echoing bleat of a light-

house foghorn. Thinking it hears the mating call of another dinosaur, the Beast seeks out the lighthouse, and, thwarted in its amorous adventure, destroys it. The episode was inserted into the script, sans foghorn, and MONSTER FROM BENEATH THE SEA became THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS.

"I rented a studio in Culver City," said Harryhausen. "The first shooting I did, actually, was in 16mm for a test. Naturally, considering the budget of this picture, there was no way we could afford the glass shots and extensive miniatures of KING KONG, so I devised a way of splitting the screen. My first test was with a 16mm color stock shot of a river, which I split to show the rhedosaurus rising from the water. That worked, and I knew it would work in 35mm as well."

In addition to the articulated model dinosaur, a larger-scale hand-puppet head, about seven inches long, was created for close ups. "[Using a hand puppet] is not the best way to do things," Harryhausen admitted, "but considering the time and the budget we had, it worked out. We only used it for a few shots." Since some of the live-action scenes, in the lighthouse and on a tugboat, required the monster to peer through a window, background plates for these rear projected images had to be shot in preproduction. Harryhausen was able to supply the plates far quicker using the detailed hand-puppet than he would have had he animated the clips. The hand-puppet's other appearance is in the underwater sequence, where the dark lighting and ripple effect disguise any discrepancies between it and the stop-motion model (the puppet eventually became the favorite toy of Jack Dietz' seven-year-old son—also called Jack and now a producer himself).

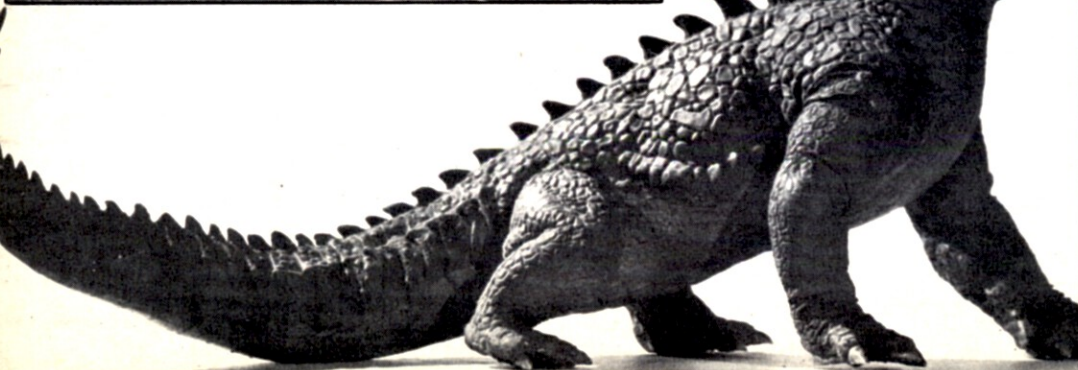
The film's lighthouse sequence is a masterful bit of special effects and atmosphere. Inside, the lightkeepers while away their heavy time listening to a concertina. The beacon light revolves, piercing the night. Suddenly the rhedosaurus rears up from the ocean, clambering up the side of the tower and peering through the window. The men flee down the circular staircase to no avail—the beast knocks the brick structure of the rocky shore. Large chunks of plaster brick, each held by a wire support, tumble one-frame-at-a-time as the beast devastates the beacon.

Here, rather than the usual rear-projection technique, Harryhausen used front projection. "The benefits," he explained, "are that you can get an enormous picture with very little light. It wasn't the 'front-projection' we all know now from 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY, because I didn't have the advantage of Scotchlight screens and 45° 60-40 glass, but it was front projection." Harryhausen refuses to reveal which shots were done with which process.

When the rhedosaurus rises from the Hudson River and tromps through New York City, audiences were treated to the first extensive example of what would later be named "Dynamation." Combining live action, split-screen effects and

THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS

(1953) was Harryhausen's first solo feature assignment, for which he developed his split screen Dynamation technique as an economy move. At the time, fantasy films were strictly low-budget fare. Harryhausen's ingenious matting process let him insert his stop motion model into the live action (inset) without having to resort to expensive miniatures or glass paintings.



limited miniatures, the sum effect is striking. "Ray was not on location with me when we did the live action plates," explained director Lourie, "although he wanted to go. The fact was, we didn't have the money to send him to New York as well, so I said, 'I can do it, I know what you need.'"

Harryhausen took the footage into his small studio and made what some writers have called a "reality sandwich," because his newly-devised split-screen technique sandwiched the stop-motion model between foreground and background images of the live action plate.

"Harryhausen was with me when we filmed the roller coaster scene," said Lourie, "but only when we did the miniature mock-up after principal photography. We shot the actors at an amusement park in Long Beach and shot plates at the same time, but the miniature—quite large—was on a stage. We built it, then broke it down by scenes. Separate portions of the roller coaster were burned and pulled up and down by wires, so that later it would appear to be in the jaws of the beast, or knocked down."

The full-size roller coaster track filmed at Pacific Ocean Park serves as background for the beast's action, with the foreground miniatures of the track positioned between the rhesosaurus and the camera. In other instances, the crumbling, burning debris from the sound-stage effects work is superimposed onto an animated shot of the monster.

With the picture complete after seven months of Harryhausen's post-productions effects, producers Dietz and Chester worried that their \$210,000 might not have been well-



THE STORY OF KING MIDAS was the project Harryhausen returned to after completing **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS**. Right: Harryhausen's Midas was a stylized medieval monarch. Inset: The "Stranger" who bestows the cursed golden touch.



spent. The major studios had begun flooding theaters with mammoth spectacles, Cinemascope, Technicolor and 3-D extravaganzas. **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS** was a modest, black-and-white picture with no big-name stars.

"They were worried because the film had gone over the original budget estimate by \$65,000," remembered Lou Morheim. "In those days, that was disaster time. It scared the bejesus out of them. They thought it best to sell and try and recoup some of their investment." According to Morheim, they sold the film to Warner Bros for \$650,000, netting a tidy

profit.

Warners took the picture over and went to work. First, the original music score was replaced with a louder, brassier one written by David Buttolph. Next, the 500 prints were struck in "Glorious Sepia Tone," a mainstay of westerns for many years. Some of the major cities got to see two colors: the underwater scenes were tinted green. Warners launched a mass-media blitz with print ads, billboards, radio and television spots. *Variety* reported that Warners spent more than \$200,000 on promotion, matching the film's negative cost.

Three weeks after the film's June 1, 1953 opening in 500 theaters, Warners added another 1,000 bookings. This strategy paid off handsomely. According to Lourie, the film made \$2.5 million in America and another \$2.5 million overseas in a year (though it is not listed in *Variety's* annual compilation of films earning more than \$2 million in rentals).

"I was thrilled that we did the effects for so little money," said Harryhausen. "When I see it today, it seems to move terribly slow, but it still has a certain charm." Much of that charm should be attributed to Lourie, who imbued this very American story with European moodiness.

Of the then 32-year-old Harryhausen, Lourie said, "He was a young man, but a very old, young man. He took himself very seriously. Very secretive. He would lock himself into this back room of his and do the effects alone, without an assistant, or anyone. I guess maybe he works the same way today."

Willis O'Brien saw **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS** and had mixed feelings, according to wife Darlyne. "Obie thought the animation was good, of course. But he was disappointed to see animation used in a low-budget film. He always felt the budget should be very big. Of course, he ended up doing low-budget films himself, like **THE BLACK SCORPION**." That 1957 film was done for **BEAST** producer Jack Dietz, after Harryhausen had cemented his relationship with producer Charles H. Schneer.

For Harryhausen's **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS** (inset), a low-budget art set was designed by director Eugene Lourie, art director Horace Howe and set dresser Edward Boule since location filming was out of the question. Wind machines, artificial snow and several tons of block ice completed the illusion.



3-D EXPERIEMENTS, DREAMS DEFERRED

"It would have taken an eternity to do the films in three dimensions. It just got so cumbersome."

Ray Harryhausen

With **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS**, Harryhausen had proved a feature with dimensional animation could be made on a low budget; still, most producers shied away from the technique, remembering the box-office disappointment of **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG**. Jack Dietz, however, was interested enough in the process to consider another project.

Harryhausen wrote two screen treatments of science-fiction films for Dietz. One, **THE GIANT YMIR**, told of a Venusian creature brought back to Earth that reacts to our atmosphere by growing to monstrous proportions. Harryhausen set the action in Rome, "because I wanted to take a vacation, and Rome seemed like a good place to go." The other story, **THE ELEMENTALS**, was the one that piqued Dietz' interest.

"Both treatments were about ten pages long," said Harryhausen. "Dietz bought **THE ELEMENTALS**. I made quite a number of shots to prove the feasibility of it, including some three-dimensional shots, because at that time everybody wanted to do 3-D projects. I also used the rhesosaurus in a 3-D test. But it just got so cumbersome. It would've taken an eternity to do the films in three dimensions. Not only do you have to set up so that the image is right in both cameras, you're limited in other ways. Regular process photography—the standard studio back-projection—renders only a two-dimensional image. Jack put up a small amount of money for the test footage, and we tried to develop a story outline with two or three different writers." The color test footage and the 3-D shots featured goat-legged, bat-winged humanoids fly-

ing, crawling on towers, and carrying off animated humans into the sky.

Dietz hired BEAST writer Lou Morheim to work on THE ELEMENTALS treatment. "It was basically a carbon copy of BEAST," said Morheim, "because the formula had worked so successfully. Dietz was very gung-ho about it. It was about these bat-like creatures that emerged from this womb—a cocoon—in the Dordogne caves of France." Eugene Lourie was again considered as director, and he enjoyed the idea of creatures attacking his beloved Paris. One of Harryhausen's sketches for the project (*Film Fantasy Scrapbook*, third edition, page 38) shows the creatures carrying off a girl, as glimpsed by a bemused airplane pilot through his cockpit window. "Unfortunately," said Harryhausen, "nothing ever happened." Morheim chalked up the project's failure to personal and financial problems Dietz was having at the time.

With lack of enthusiasm from producers for his Ymir project, and the Dietz project inert, Harryhausen turned back to his fairy tales. THE STORY OF KING MIDAS was the result. Harryhausen set the familiar tale in a never-never land of stylized medieval castles instead of the original's ancestry in Greek prehistory. Camera moves abound, following Midas, trucking in on his reactions. "There's a long complicated crane shot where the camera goes into all sorts of kooky places," said Harryhausen. "It took me a week and a half just to shoot that. I worked by myself. I had no overhead. You can't do that

when you have, say, five or six hundred shots in a picture."

The movements of Midas can often be seen in Harryhausen's later creations. Midas' "Gimme!" reaction to his gold heralds the Cyclops' greedy cuddling of his magic lamp. And perhaps the most used (or overused) Harryhausen move makes its appearance here: the double-armed "take." When Midas touches his daughter Mari-gold—who then turns into gold thanks to stop-frame replacement of a duplicate puppet—Midas reacts by bending back from the waist, opening his hands wide and throwing back his arms. This hammy theatrical touch (so dear to Bela Lugosi and other stage-trained performers) crops up in all of Harryhausen's humanoid creatures: the Ymir, the Cyclops, the Centaur, Trog. It's a pretty safe bet that if a Harryhausen creature has two arms, it'll do a take at least once.

THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE followed. Harryhausen decided this would be the last of them. "My idea of doing a whole series of short films for TV wasn't worth it," he said. "It would've taken several years to do the 15 or 20 of them necessary to sell as a package. So I decided to round out the series with an even half-dozen."

The long process of sketching, scripting through the postal service, crafting models and sets and plotting out camera moves began once more. Harryhausen shot about 4½ minutes of THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE; at the time, he expected it to be the best of the fairy tales to date. But the short film got put aside when a

paying job came up.

Self-made millionaire Ben Weingarten had financed and built an entire suburban city near Long Beach, called Lakewood. "A friend of mine wanted me to do a Lakewood commercial with dimensional animation," remembered Harryhausen. "So I made a character called Kenny Key. I did three-minute sections with him introducing various films. I hoped it would be more successful and lead to something more, but again, you can never tell."

Another Harryhausen venture into TV commercials proved tremendously successful—for somebody else. "Some time in the early '50s, Ray showed me a little film he made for television that was very cute," recalled Stuart O'Brien. "He'd animated a pack of cigarettes—Lucky Strikes, I think—and had them pull themselves out of the pack, dance around. He sent this film off to an advertising agency, or maybe the tobacco company itself, but they never responded. But a year or so later, they came out with the same identical idea for a commercial! A whole series of them that went on for years! Ray started a lawsuit against them that dragged on and on, but eventually stopped because his lawyer died. I told him, 'If you ever decide to sue those bastards again, let me testify, because I saw those dancing cigarettes long before they ever appeared on TV!'"

Television, evidently, was not the place for Harryhausen, who was to return to the big screen, this time with the help of an old army buddy.

THE CASE OF THE MISSING TENTACLES

"I hesitated... then, for whatever reasons I might have had, decided to talk to the man about his octopus movie."

Ray Harryhausen

A friend of Harryhausen's from the Capra unit days, Lou Eppleton, looked up the animator and mentioned that a friend at Columbia wanted to do a picture similar to THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS, and that he would like to meet with Harryhausen about doing the effects. "I hesitated," said Harryhausen, "because I'd just started again on TORTOISE AND THE HARE, which I wanted to finish [he never did]. I thought it over for a few days, then for whatever reasons I might have had, decided to talk to the man about his octopus movie." That man was Charles H. Schneer.

Schneer, born in Norfolk, Virginia but raised in New York, was as devoted to motion pictures in his own way as Harryhausen was in his. When he attended Columbia University's School of Business, he enrolled in the first film classes offered there in the late '30s. There, at Columbia's Morningside Heights campus, he first began learning of the business side of filmmaking. After the war he worked for a time at Universal, then moved to Columbia's Sam Katzman unit, where low-budget westerns, action pictures, serials and exploitation films were produced.

Some of those who worked with Schneer during his early days at Columbia indicated that his position there was due more to high connections in the Columbia executive suite than to any innate talent or ability. To wit, the common rumor was that Schneer had married the president's daughter.

Schneer himself branded such speculation, "irresponsible and totally inaccurate," and refuted the story through a prepared statement read by MGM publicity representative Mark Gerber: "He [Schneer] has no—and has never had any—relatives at Columbia Pictures. He [Schneer] did not get money from any relatives at Columbia Pictures. He [Schneer] categorically denies that."

A check of industry sources revealed that indeed Schneer was not married to the daughter of Abe Schneider, the president of Columbia Pictures. However, Schneer's wife, Shirley, is the daughter of Mrs. Molly Sussman, the sister of Abe Schneider. If Schneer maintains this relationship was of no help to him, the least that can be assumed is that being married to the niece of one of Columbia's top New York executives didn't hurt his career, either.

Schneer had a story idea about the rampages of a gigantic octopus unleashed by an atomic blast. Harryhausen agreed to do the picture. As usual, Harryhausen prepared a number of sketches for key scenes, based on a treatment by George Wor-



THE ELEMENTALS was an unrealized feature project Harryhausen attempted to get off the ground in 1953, after completing **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS**. Harryhausen filmed test footage of himself dodging bat-like monsters swooping down from above. He even experimented with 3-D, all to no avail.



thing Yates (THEM!). Armed with a script and Harryhausen's drawings, Schneer got the okay from Katzman for **MONSTER FROM THE SEA**.

In the process of budgeting the time needed for miniature set-ups and the cost of manufacturing the octopus, Harryhausen told Schneer that the eight-armed creature would probably take nearly a year to animate. "Even with cost-savings in other parts of the picture," said Harryhausen, "we would have gone over the budget [estimated to be between \$100,000 and \$150,000]. So we worked out a compromise and reduced the number of tentacles to six, although some animation fans, after careful study of the film, insist there are only five. It's the effect that counts. I did it to keep at least one tentacle moving at all times."

Since little of the live-action story contained animated effects, Harryhausen was not on the set as much as on later films. "I met him in the studio before we got started," recalled Kenneth Tobey, who starred as the submarine commander who destroys the monster. "At the time he showed me some of the stuff he was going to work with—drawings, a model. But that was about all I saw of him. He was a nice guy, but very serious."

During preproduction, Harryhausen built a single oversize tentacle about 2½ feet long for the close-ups. More detailed than the smaller six-armed model, the large tentacle was the first to see service. Against a cloud-filled night sky plate, Harryhausen animated the tentacle rising, and ris-

ing, and rising up out of frame, a seemingly endless length of slimy dark (rubber) flesh and suckers. The shot heralds the monster's first appearance as it attacks a tramp freighter. Like the dramatic first sight of the rhedosaurus, and Kong before that, the octopus is half obscured by night; also, its debut does not occur until far into the story.

The shipwreck uses stock shots to good effect, showing sailors from some forgotten Columbia epic dashing through flooding compartments. In the long shots of the attack, Harryhausen combines the octopus, a miniature ship, a background plate of a dark seascape and another deft touch: superimposed frothing foam around the creature and the ship. The shots of foam were in fact brief cuts of breaking surf filmed off the California coast. This successfully disguised any split-screen matte lines and also made the attack visually more believable and dynamic. Breaking surf, however, does not truly look like foaming waves at sea. "Sometimes they were not quite lined up," Harryhausen admitted, "but they were accepted. We were in a hurry to get the picture finished!"

To make the multi-armed creature more repulsive, Harryhausen added another nice touch. "I coated it with glycerine for each set-up," he said. "One application would last for about half an hour."

When the octopus rises near the Embarcadero waterfront and reaches over a parking lot, careful examination shows the pains Harryhausen

took in designing his composites: a railing made of thick wooden beams on the right side of the frame has been meticulously cut out to show the tentacle behind it. "I did take a little more time with that and some of the other shots, compared to **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS**," he shrugged, "but basically the stop-motion technique remained the same. Perhaps this was more refined, because you had the flowing tentacles to work with. That, and the miniatures were a little more carefully made."

MONSTER FROM BENEATH THE SEA was retitled **IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA** and released in July, 1955, in multiple bookings. Harryhausen's effects sequences are clearly the best part of the picture. He managed to imbue life and character—fury, curiosity, even childish spite (in a confrontation with a flame thrower)—into a rubber-and-metal octopus. The film did quite well, though not as well as his first feature, **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS**.

Ken Tobey shed some light on what it was like working with the Katzman unit: "I remember we had six or seven pages, the heart of the thing, that we hadn't shot, and we were getting close to six o'clock, which means overtime. Sam Katzman came in. Somebody said, 'We've got five or six pages to go.' He said, 'Where? Show me where. Where's five pages?' He looked at the pages, read them, tore them out of the script, and said, 'Now how many pages do

you have?'" (Though the same anecdote has been attributed to several other Hollywood figures, it is probably no less accurate).

Schneer realized the great find he had in Harryhausen. "I thought—I still think—Ray is tremendous," said Schneer. "I would rather make one really unique film than five ordinary ones. At the time we first worked together, the star system was in its heyday. It might take a year or two to schedule a top star for your picture, and even then that was no guarantee the picture was going to be a success. When I saw Ray's techniques, I realized this was something no one else had or used."

AFTER **IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA**, Harryhausen began sketches for an adventure fantasy involving magical, rather than science-fictional, creatures. Based on the Arabian Nights tales of Sinbad the Sailor, the series of drawings featured the mythic hero and his crew battling a giant pot-bellied cyclops (borrowed from Homer's *Odyssey*); two cyclops in mortal combat; winged, cloven-hoofed demon men; and a gigantic baby roc, a bird 15 feet long.

"I took the idea to Edward Small," said Harryhausen, "and three or four other producers, including George Pal, I think. He was busy on some other project. No one had ever done a Sinbad picture that brought out the fantastic elements in the stories. You have to go back to **THE THIEF OF BAGDAD** in the '40s to get some idea. I remember being very disappointed in the Douglas Fairbanks Jr. film [**SINBAD THE SAILOR**, 1947] which just talked about things like the giant roc. Or you had the Maria Montez pictures.

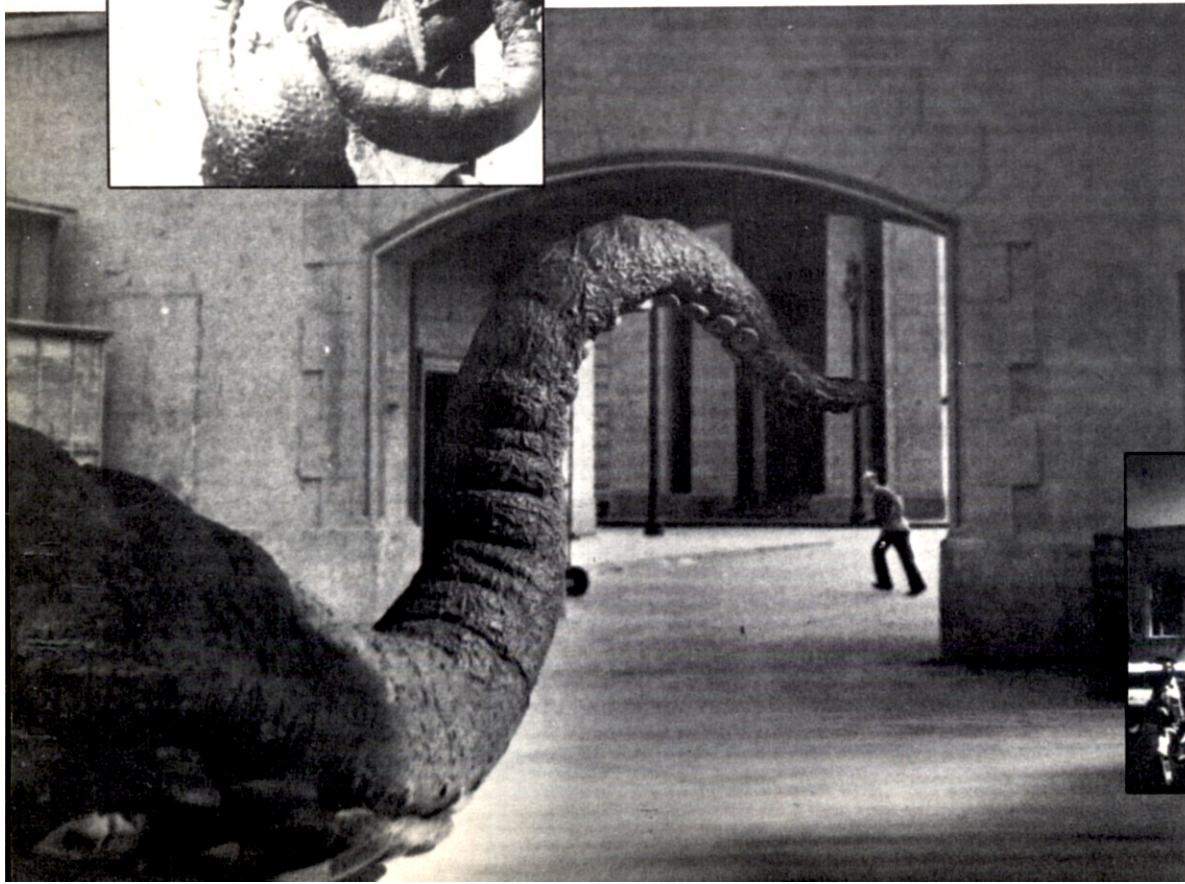
"Then, about that time, a picture came out called **SON OF SINBAD** [1955], with the stripper Lyl St. Cyr. I think she used to advertise herself as 'Lyl St. Cyr and Her Bosom Pals.' That picture didn't do so well, so everyone decided that Sinbad films wouldn't do well at the box office."

Harryhausen rummaged through his files and found the old treatment for **THE GIANT YMIR**. Dissatisfied with it, he sent it to Charlotte Knight in New York. She suggested several improvements and alterations in the plot, and through the mails they began to whip the science fiction story into shape.

Later that year, 1955, Harryhausen got to work one last time with his mentor Willis O'Brien, and, in a way, finished his decade-old **EVOLUTION** project.



IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA was Harryhausen's first effort with partner Charles H. Schneer in 1954. Below: Harryhausen flees in a preproduction test using the large, closeup tentacle. Inset Left: The giant octopus climbs Harryhausen's Golden Gate Bridge miniature. Inset Right: An example of why Harryhausen likes to be on location during filming. Odd things can happen when a performer crosses a matte line. Note the missing hand on extra in foreground.





Harryhausen poses with a Ceratosaur he animated for Irwin Allen's *THE ANIMAL WORLD* (1954), his last collaboration with mentor Willis O'Brien.

PALEOLITHIC INTERLUDE

"Everything was hush-hush. We had to build a stage within a stage because of Harryhausen's sense of privacy."

Irwin Allen, producer

Irwin Allen, a man well-known to science fiction aficionados for his effects-laden adventures on TV and the screen, won an Oscar in 1951 for a documentary, *THE SEA AROUND US*, based on the best-selling Rachel Carson book. That success prompted Allen to make a follow-up dubbed *THE ANIMAL WORLD*. As in Harryhausen's *EVOLUTION*, Allen's film would begin in the age of dinosaurs and progress forward. To insure the film's opening 15-minute segment would be as realistic as possible, Allen hired the two men whose names were most closely linked with impossible monsters.

"I hired Obie as a tribute to a true genius," said Allen. "He may not have been the very first person to use stop-frame photography, but he certainly used it to graphic effect. I was hiring the man who had the greatest amount of experience—and let Harryhausen, who was certainly far younger than Obie, and had proved himself—move forward. Harryhausen's a genius. I remember him very well. Very quiet, introspective. At the time, there were very few people doing stop-motion. Harryhausen was the foremost craftsman available, and Obie warmly endorsed him. Obie was the technical advisor, and a darling of the first order. I was surrounded by geniuses, and they made me look good."

O'Brien, in his sixties, proved that he could change with the times. Since the animation set-ups would be simple table-top work without interplay

between rear- or front-projected humans, he had the Warners technicians use the simpler foam injection method of casting the dinosaur puppets, rather than Delgado's technique of laying on each muscle over the metal armature. Again, for expediency's sake, wire-operated heads, built on a much larger scale than the animation models, were crafted for the close-ups. Arthur S. Rhodes of the Warners miniature department created the metal skeletons for the models and the mechanical heads. Staff effects men Pasqual Manuelli and Harold Wilson crafted the miniature diorama set with its dusty vistas and palm trees. Miniature mountains in the background, plus a distant volcano, completed the set.

"If we had more time, I would have preferred the build-up technique," said Harryhausen. "It makes for a more realistic effect. But we were just on the picture for a short time—six or seven weeks, which was the shortest length of time I've spent on any project in my professional career. Harold Wellman was the director of photography, lining up the shots according to Obie's plans and the needs of the script, such as they were. I did all the animation myself."

Shortcuts included casting the two ceratosaurs (an allosaurus look-alike with a bony horn on its nose) from the same mold, though some details were altered when the two models were painted. The allosaurus, tyrannosaurus and one of the ceratosaurs seen in the film were in fact the same model, used in separate scenes to disguise that fact. Another time saver was the use of two cameras. "Since we didn't have to combine the dinosaurs with other elements, we were able to get twice as much footage that way on certain scenes," said Harryhausen. "I double-framed certain parts, the slower-moving scenes where little movement is indicated, but for the most part it was simple, single-frame stop-motion."

Working within a studio system,

Harryhausen required seclusion for his animation. Said Allen, "In those days—and I imagine it's pretty much the same today—everything was quite hush-hush about how stop-frame photography was used. We had to build a stage within a stage because of Harryhausen's sense of privacy and the need for absolute calm."

As to his own contributions to the segment, Allen was modest: "I directed the scenes only to the extent that we'd talk beforehand about them. 'The dinosaur will move to the base of this hill, to the edge of the water, he will or will not meet another creature, he'll pause, or below.' In other words, there was a script after a fashion for the progression of each animal character, but as to how it was done and what was done, and the speed in which it was done, that was all Ray Harryhausen's invention. He was beautiful. He functioned truly on his own, within the confines of knowing what it was we needed."

Though limited to less than a reel of film, Harryhausen created some memorable images. In one shot, the Allosaurus leaps into frame ready to attack a stegosaurus, in actions similar to the *EVOLUTION* footage, and later the giant chicken segment of *MYSTERIOUS ISLAND*. The brontosaurus shows a wonderfully clumsy, cow-like movement, and the hatching and first tentative steps of the tiny, pink, baby brontosaurus are adorable, calling to mind Jim Danforth's later baby lizard in *WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH*.

Allen and Warners first showed the completed feature in December, 1955 (for Academy Award consideration, hoping to repeat the success of *THE SEA AROUND US*), but *THE ANIMAL WORLD* was not widely distributed until June, 1956. Though the dinosaur footage garnered the most praise, Allen remembered frustration with the slow-paced work. "The process was just agonizing, getting back the footage in little pieces over weeks and weeks. But that's normal. In fact, looking back, Harryhausen was not only the best at what he did, he was also the fastest."

The length of time necessary for animation of dinosaurs was one reason Allen shied away from it years later. "When we did *THE LOST WORLD* for Fox," he said, "we used animals as closely related as we could find to the originals, and took the artistic license to add life-like appendages. Not only did we get the footage back faster, but it was easier to integrate people with live animals using a split-screen."

Though Willis O'Brien disapproved of gagged-up lizards ("He laughed at the whole thing," said Mrs. O'Brien), he understood the problems of *THE LOST WORLD*, which was shot in Fox's CinemaScope process in 1960, and designed several of the simple split-screen scenes for the wide ratio screen.

By the time *THE ANIMAL WORLD* was ready for release, Harryhausen had already begun work on another film with Charles H. Schneer at Columbia. Their relationship was beginning to look like a permanent one.

MAKING SAUCERS FLY—THE HARD WAY

"I told Schneer one day, 'Why don't you do something other than destroy cities?'"

Curt Siodmak, writer

In the wake of '50s UFO interest and *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS* (1953), Schneer had recognized the exploitation potential of a film about a flying saucer invasion, but realized the Katzman unit could never afford the costly effects of the George Pal/Byron Haskin film. Harryhausen, however, would be perfect to do similar effects on the cheap.

Schneer hired Curt Siodmak, who had penned *THE CREATURE WITH THE ATOM BRAIN* for the Katzman unit earlier that year, to develop a story along those lines, using as a reference Donald Keyhoe's "non-fiction" book, *FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE*, the working title of the treatment for a time. Harryhausen was consulted, and the story was turned into a screenplay by George Worthing Yates.

"I didn't know [Harryhausen and Schneer] very personally," said Siodmak. "They gave me a job, we had conferences and stuff, but we never put it on a private basis. I worked for Katzman, who was a sharp businessman and had a lot of success. Schneer's father [actually, his uncle-in-law] was a big shot; that's how he got all his money. Schneer kept doing the same picture over and over, destroying cities. I told him one day, 'Why don't you do something other than destroy cities?' He was so cross with me I never got a job from him again."

Harryhausen, fascinated by the metaphysical aspects of flying saucer "contactees," began doing research into the subject on his own. "I went down to talk to George Adamski, one of the first people who said they actually talked to these aliens from another world. He had affidavits swearing that he'd really talked to aliens, and he was most convincing. I was most impressed with him. But the second time I went back, a couple of years later, he started talking about Jupiterians or Jovians or something. Maybe he did contact them, maybe he didn't. I don't know. He was laying bricks the second time I met him, building a brick wall, which is rather mundane for somebody who had just spoken to a Jupiterian!"

"But I did go out to the giant rock—not roc—in the desert. All these people would stay overnight, lined up, sleeping on their backs watching the sky, waiting for the saucers to land. They sold tickets, t-shirts, everything. They even had a little hair in capsules, saying it's from 'space people.' That the saucers never arrived didn't seem to bother them."

Harryhausen, when not exploring the oddities of contactees, worked hard planning inexpensive ways of achieving visual effects. Poring over library stock-shots, he chose scenes of destruction that would later be



EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS was Harryhausen's second film with Schneer, and the last they did for the low-budget Sam Katzman unit at Columbia. Above: A test shot of the destruction caused by saucers as they crash. The ubiquitous "woodie" station wagon shows up on Harryhausen's miniature sets all the way back to *THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS*. Inset Left: One of the saucerians, owing much to the look of Gort, Klaatu's robot from *THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL*. Inset Right: The saucers invade Washington DC, Harryhausen's three metal miniatures animated to fly in formation.

cinematically attributed to the flying saucers. The Republic Pictures library was particularly useful: shots of large-scale miniature buildings exploding (work of the Lydecker brothers) were optically combined (via Harryhausen's rear screen set-up) with the saucers' death ray. Military and civilian newsreels supplied exploding gas tanks, forest fires, blown-up battleships, airplanes, missiles, rockets and a variety of montage material. "We just used an *enormous* number of stock shots," he said.

The original story began with a group of adventurers discovering a saucer crash (see sketch, *Film Fantasy Scrapbook*, third edition, page 30), but that idea, and the original design for the saucer, changed as the screenplay concentrated on the "project Skyhook" aspect. A new writer, Raymond Marcus, was brought in to revise Yates' script. His name shows up several times on films of the '50s, but in fact Marcus was not a writer and never claimed to be. Raymond Marcus was a "beard," a "front" (as in the Woody Allen film) for Bernard Gordon, a writer who had the misfortune of having thoughts contrary to some right-wing influences in the country at that time.

Ironically, one of the scripts Gordon did for Schneer later was the promilitary *HELLCATS OF THE NAVY* (1957), directed by Nathan Juran and starring Ronald Reagan and Nancy Davis. "Reagan was never one of my favorite actors," snapped Gordon. "In fact, he was one of the organizers of the blacklist, although he denies it ever existed. I don't think

he ever found out who did the script. Anyway, I don't think he's gonna invite me to the White House."

Gordon also notes that Hal Smith, co-author of *IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA*, was blacklisted for many years but went on and later won an Oscar for his script of *THE DEFIANT ONES*. As to whether Schneer was taking a stand against repression in hiring these "unwanted" men or merely using the cheapest talent available, Gordon said, "Both are true."

Harryhausen's final design for the circular spaceships was based on reported sightings. Beneath the lip of the saucers are three semi-circular bumps, a detail suggested by a "real" photo of a flying saucer that had "landed" in England in 1954. These three "bumps" also had a very practical purpose, serving as anchors for the overhead wires suspending the miniatures in front of the rear-projected live-action plates.

Two sizes of saucer models were made: a 12-inch ship for close shots, and three smaller models for long-shots of craft flying in formation. Fred Harryhausen machined the three saucers out of aluminum (or "aluminium" as Harryhausen says, having lived in England now for 20 years) for his son, as well as carving the 12-inch model from wood. Only this larger saucer had the capacity to lower its exit tube, whirl on its axis, and extend the cup-shaped death-ray projector. One smaller model had a replaceable base that held an immobile death-ray projector, and a large-scale mock-up of the blaster, about

three inches long, was carved from wood (looking rather like one of the props in the fairy tales). The outer rim of the saucer and the round center were independent of the inner revolving section, which was decorated with parallel lines that gave the saucers their peculiar stroboscopic effect. Without these lines, the spinning movement would have been impossible to detect on screen. This strobe effect, a trademark of dimensional animation, works for, rather than against, the movement of these particular puppets.

Harryhausen also designed the robot-like suits of the aliens. It is to his and the Columbia art department's credit that the live-action suits and the miniature saucers look like they had been made by the same technology. The three latex costumes weighed only about twenty pounds each. Incidentally, Harryhausen coined the term "solidified electricity," as a description of the suits in the script. Clay Campbell's makeup department carved the alien head to Harryhausen's specifications for the single shot in which it appears.

The first shots animated were scenes of the saucers to be used for process plates: the saucer hovering over the desert road, zooming through the sky, and crashing into the window of the Smithsonian. Also done in preproduction were the cuts of the

death-ray destroying a Lydecker miniature, for later use in process shots of Morris Ankrum fleeing.

"The ray wasn't cel animation," said Harryhausen. "Certain things were done ahead of production because we had stock-shot backgrounds. I did the ray in-camera with a combination of sparklers, and doing actual frame-by-frame animation against black, a composite of several things."

For the effect around the base of the saucer, and within the ship on the saucer men in their cubicles, Harryhausen used a piece of warped, darkened glass. "I called it shimmer glass," he said, "matted in the usual way, making a short dissolve, then matting out the part of the screen that wouldn't be covered by the effect."

A nice touch in the script is a tie-in of the saucers with "foo-fighters" seen during World War II, trailing Allied and Axis planes. Thought by some to be ball lighting, or St. Elmo's Fire (which Hugh Marlowe assumes in the film), they are used in the script as flying TV cameras spying on the earthlings. "The 'foo lights' were done with a whirling light on the end of a drill," said Harryhausen. "We then covered the rest of the drill with black velvet. George Lofgren put a black bag over his head, dressed in black and ran around waving it in a darkened studio!" The high angles of the saucer on the beach were taken from a vacant lot at Point Dume north of Malibu, on which Harryhausen would later build a home.

Columbia held *EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS* until the busy summer months, releasing it in a double bill with *THE WEREWOLF* in July, 1956. A better picture than *IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA*, it did better at the box office.

Not surprisingly, Charlie Schneer and Ray Harryhausen decided to make another film together. Ray's old story, "The Giant Ymir", came out of storage.

THE SNAKE WOMAN from *THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD* was the forerunner of *CLASH OF THE TITANS'* Medusa. Right: Harryhausen's pre-production sketch shows his mildly erotic original concept. Below: Harryhausen poses with the model. Casting and script revisions turned the character, Sadie ("sah-dee"), into a matronly, acid-tongued guardian for the film's princess.



SCIENCE FICTION, BUT DOWN TO EARTH

"We didn't want to do a space adventure. Besides, we didn't have the money for that."

Ray Harryhausen

Schneer saw value in the many-times revised story that Harryhausen and Charlotte Knight had put together. It provided for a good monster-on-the-loose tale, plus cashed in on the current interest in rocketry (the Sputnik orbiting satellite was much in the headlines). Long gone was Harryhausen's original concept of the snow giant of Norse mythology, though the name "Ymir" remained. Gone also was the voyage to Venus, though this survives in a novelization by Henry Slesar.

"As the story was written and rewritten," said Harryhausen "we decided to keep all the action here on earth rather than go to Venus, which is really a story unto itself. The story basically became: 'What would happen if we brought an alien form back to earth?' We didn't want to do a space adventure, running around another planet. Besides, we didn't have the money for that."

Schneer formed an independent company, Morningside Productions, but continued his long-time association with Columbia for production funds, studio facilities, and distribution. As a result of the two successful Katzman films, the budget went up, but not by much.

Schneer saw 20 MILLION MILES

TO EARTH as a color feature; Harryhausen disagreed. The deep blues of the Mediterranean, and the reds and grays of Rome would be wonderful in Technicolor, Schneer countered. Harryhausen remained adamant.

"I argued that the new black-and-white stock that Kodak had just come out with was marvelous for our purposes," Harryhausen said. "You could intercut an original negative with a second-generation negative from a background plate, and there would be hardly any visual difference between the two. The second-generation color reproduction around this time, 1955-1956, was very different from first generation."

Top Right: Sadie is turned into the Snake Woman by Sokurah the Magician, who promises she will become the most exotic woman in Bagdad. The foreground carpet is nicely detailed to match part of the rug seen in the live action plate. Bottom Right: Another angle, as the Snake Woman dances to the amazement of Sinbad. A mistake in shooting the live action plate forced Harryhausen to change to a rectangular carpet.



THE DRAGON'S CAVE IN THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD. Facing Page: Harryhausen poses on the miniature set during filming. The camera is angled for an "up" perspective as the dragon rears back after being shot by Sinbad's giant cross-bow (right). Part of the miniature skull face is matted-in for live action shots of the cave (near right), as the dragon crushes its evil master Sokurah. Far Right Inset: The cave miniature was also used for a cut scene of the dragon munching on Sinbad's crew.



Black and white it was. The film's Venusian creature remains one of the most distinctive creations in all of Harryhausen's films. "In designing it," he said, "I tried to keep a basic humanoid form, in combination with a dinosaur. We wanted the creature to be sympathetic, and it's hard to really sympathize with a *totally* alien creature." Owing a bit to the Creature from Jupiter with its upright stance and reptilian tail, the Ymir has a unique walrus-mustache appendage above its mouth, suggesting developed olfactory senses, a point that comes out in the script.

From Harryhausen's production designs and sketches, George Lofgren crafted the beast in several sizes, as usual: a small model for longshots, a larger one for closer angles. Solid, non-flexible Ymirs were crafted in

two sizes for certain shots which would be too time-consuming to set-up and animate, such as the brief cut when the Professor picks up the tiny Ymir from the table. Additionally, a full-size latex glove "monster hand" was made as a live action prop.

Harryhausen and Schneer traveled to Rome for a very short time, shooting some action in and around the Roman ruins, but mostly shooting background plates, sometimes with two simultaneous cameras at different angles for difficult-to-repeat crowd scenes. Shooting went quickly, but not without incident. The Italian government supplied military hardware for the scenes of army vs. monster, but the tractor treads on the tanks tore up the newly-laid tarmac around the Coliseum. Harryhausen himself doubled as an extra in a shot in the zoo, fleeing with the crowd. "I almost

got trampled," he said. "We just needed more people, so I stepped in. I've never been able to spot myself in the film."

In shooting the scenes around the Coliseum, the company got strange reactions to the "nothing" going on. "It made for an amusing sight," said Harryhausen, "seeing the tourists' reaction as they watched our actors. The actors, of course, were looking up to the top of the Coliseum, very excited and agitated, where the creature was supposed to be. Naturally, this perplexed the tourists: all this excitement and nothing on top of the building."

With many background shots and some action completed, the Morning-side company dismissed their Italian crew and returned to California to finish the bulk of the picture. Director Nathan "Jerry" Juran began his long association with the company at this point.

An extremely easygoing person, Juran came to directing almost by accident. His reputation as an art director and designer (for which he won an Oscar in 1941 for *HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY*) led to a staff position at Universal. When the studio had difficulty with the scheduled director of *THE BLACK CASTLE* (1952), Juran, who had designed the sets, stepped in. "I was very green," he said about his early days in the canvas-backed chair, "and I didn't really know what I was doing. I guess I got lucky."

Juran hadn't gone to Rome with Schneer and Harryhausen. "In fact, I think they'd gotten that stuff before they even hired me," he said. "My engagement couldn't have been more than four weeks at most. With perhaps a week of preparation time I had three weeks shooting time at best. I was hired because that's a very cost-conscious company. I was never employed on really "A" pictures, but I had a good reputation with sticking to a budget and schedule. That, or the fact I'd done a lot of art direction."

Always on the lookout for money-saving procedures, Schneer used the standing set from the 1954 Columbia film *THE CAINE MUTINY* for the film's rock-ship interiors, modified by art director Cary Odell's staff with hanging wires, broken steam pipes belching gas, and awkward slanted

camera angles reinforcing the image of imminent destruction.

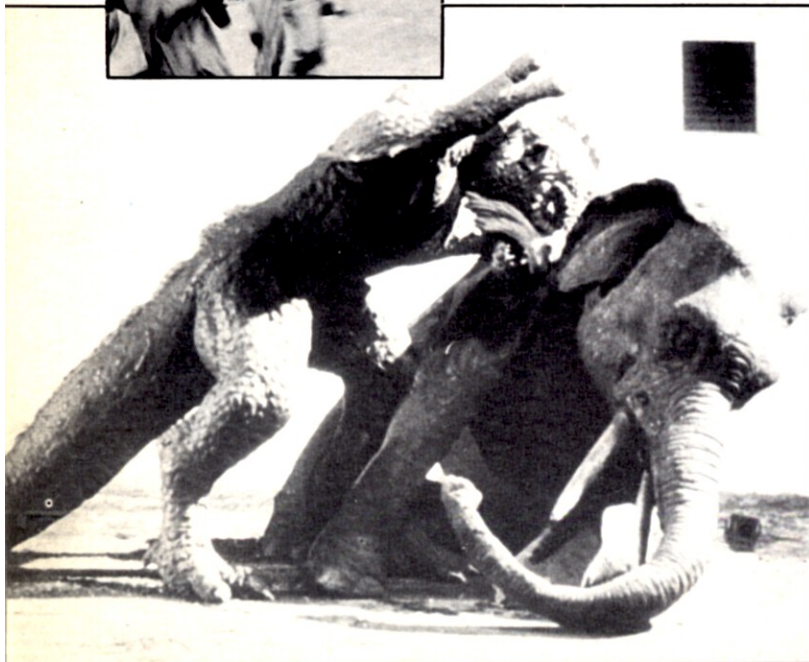
Harryhausen's battle between the Ymir and the zoo elephant is spoiled slightly by mismatching the sizes of the real elephant and a detailed animated miniature. The size of the stop-motion elephant in relation to the back-projected humans would stagger P.T. Barnum.

"I got carried away with memories of *MIGHTY JOE YOUNG*," chuckled Harryhausen. "Cooper had that cartoon in his office—'Make it Bigger!'—[a phrase Robert Armstrong, the film's Barnum-like character kept using] and so I did. The largest elephant we could get stood only eight feet high, which really wouldn't have been a fair fight. So we got a small actor to stand near it to make it look bigger in comparison."

The picture was another financial success. While Harryhausen finished his effects, Schneer hired Jerry Juran for a quick western, *A GOOD DAY FOR HANGING* with Fred MacMurray. "I wound up doing nine pictures for Charles Schneer," said Juran. "He's a great guy, still a close friend."

Viewed against contemporary films, *20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH*, with its exotic location and excellent effects—certainly the best of Harryhausen's solo career till then—is very good, and miles ahead of most other '50s science fiction.

20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH features a fight between Harryhausen's Venusian Ymir and an animated elephant. Inspired by the spectacle of *KING KONG*, Harryhausen frequently pits his creations in epic battles. Inset: Why is this man running? Harryhausen's cameo in a reaction shot.



Right: Harryhausen poses with the model of Sokurah's castle from *THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD*. Below: the model as it appears in the film. Though Harryhausen will pose with miniatures, he never allows behind-the-scenes photos that reveal his techniques.





WEDDING MYTH TO THE MAGIC

"The Cyclops started out as more human in appearance, but we were afraid that audiences might think they were men in suits."

Ray Harryhausen

Eight large Arabian Nights renderings that Harryhausen had done over a two-year period (and filed after *SON OF SINBAD* flopped) came out again and *THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD* was born. Schneer saw something exploitable in the drawings, something no one had ever done before, and—with Harryhausen as the artistic inspiration and technical

mastermind—something that could now be done cheaply. Here was a dragon battling a Cyclops, captain Sinbad approaching a ruined castle, and the drawing that sparked the others in the first place, Sinbad battling a living skeleton with swords on a spiral staircase to nowhere.

The skeleton motif dated back even further, to the '40s, to a sketch called "Skin and Bones," (recently part of the Harryhausen exhibit at New York's Museum of Modern Art) featuring a screaming woman in bed with a skeleton. Old ideas never die, they just get filed.

Several potential stop motion sequences were later cut out of a screenplay, commissioned from Kenneth Kolb to link the drawings together, because of the inordinate amount of time to set up and animate them. "We had a whole sequence in which Sinbad was kidnapped by bat people," said Harryhausen.

The devilish countenance of the bat-men, furry goat legs and cloven hooves (the standard image of the great god Pan, and later the Devil) became part of the Cyclops design. This symbolic depiction of the bestial side of man had been part of *THE ELEMENTALS'* design years before, and itself refers back to Dore's engravings of Hell, an admitted heavy influence on Harryhausen's artistic bent. There was another reason for the Cyclops design change. "They started out as more human in appearance," said Harryhausen, "but we were afraid that audiences might think they were men in suits."

Also going by the boards was a Cyclops vs. Cyclops fight, requiring two different models, which was too expensive. Instead, Colossa would have a race of Cyclops by implication only. Sinbad would destroy one at the beginning of the story, and another would appear later.

Always looking for a way to stretch a buck, Charles Schneer investigated the possibility of shooting in Spain. There were, as both he and Harryhausen have often said, pristine locations in Spain that had rarely appeared in American films. But over and above the artistic aspects, Spanish labor could be had for considerably less than American or English labor. The duo traveled to Spain, guided around by a representative of the Spanish cinema industry who showed them the beach at S'Agaro, the Alhambra palace in Granada, and other sights that would take hundreds of thousands of dollars to duplicate in Hollywood.

Arrangements were made for a Spanish film crew and native actors for most of the smaller roles in the picture. A quick trip to England for a check on the blue-screen stages (MGM Elstree would serve for the few

shots in this process) also yielded a cameraman. Columbia Pictures representatives ran a print of *THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON* (aka *PARADISE LAGOON*) for the two Americans. The views of sunny beaches and colorful jungles had the look they wanted, and the film's cinematographer, Wilkie Cooper, was contracted by Morningside, beginning a long association.

Harryhausen spent many hours and hundreds of feet of film experimenting beforehand to strike a color balance between live-action filming and his later effects work. Eastman Kodak's newest color stock, 5253, had the benefits of offering a master-positive as well as a duplicate negative. That would help eliminate some, but not all, of the problems inherent with the re-photography characteristic of his effects technique.

"When we did *THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD*," Harryhausen said, "we were forced to use normal print stock for our plates. Greens, for example, had a tendency to go grayish when rephotographed. Then, when you intercut a second-generation with an original, in which the colors are more true, the difference is quite obvious. Wilkie Cooper and I worked together trying to anticipate some of these problems, but with the time we had—we worked very quickly—there wasn't the possibility to correct for everything."

Other than technical problems, the film company seemed as plagued as the ancient Egyptians. "We were all sick at one time or another," moaned Kerwin Mathews, the Columbia contract player chosen to play Sinbad. "This was the first time for most of us in Spain, and it was miserable." Illness notwithstanding, Charles Schneer kept his actors going. Time was money, and there wasn't a lot of either to spare.

Schneer had finagled the use of a duplicate of Columbus' *Santa Maria* from the harbor master in Barcelona. The company took the ship out into the ocean to shoot several sequences, including the mutiny scene. "Kerwin was running a fever while doing those stunts," said director Nathan Juran, "but we couldn't afford to stop and let him get well. We took the ship out and we hit a breakwater. An incoming ship went by and its bow



HARRYHAUSEN UPDATE

Negative trade reviews on the eve of CLASH OF THE TITANS's opening made MGM somewhat nervous about its sizeable investment. The company had already revamped the film's ad campaign, dumping the image of the Kraken, Harryhausen's sea monster, for fear audiences might mistake it for a Japanese monster picture.

Fortunately, the only review that counts—the boxoffice—was more cheery. The film opened on June 12 at 1,126 theaters in the United States and Canada, the broadest release ever for a Harryhausen picture. Producer Charles H. Schneer in London called the public's response "Fantastic! It's the best grossing picture MGM's had since DR. ZHIVAGO [1965]." According to *Variety*, the opening figures were "the best opening in eight years of any United Artists distributed MGM pic."

After eight weeks of release in all markets (as of 8/19), CLASH OF THE TITANS had earned for MGM \$44,356,341. About \$30 million of that figure represented domestic (USA and Canada) rentals. For comparison, Harryhausen's two previous films had domestic rentals of \$7.7 million (SINBAD AND THE EYE OF THE TIGER) and \$5 million (THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD), according to *Variety*'s list of all-time moneymakers.

Schneer estimated the budget of CLASH OF THE TITANS to be \$20 million. With world-wide earnings at this point projected to reach more than \$60 million, MGM is delighted with the film's performance and plans to further re-release it in 1982. Said a confidential source at Metro, "This film is going to make Harryhausen, who has points, a rich man."

Already, MGM has pledged financing for SINBAD GOES TO MARS, according to Harryhausen, speaking at an appearance in July at London's National Film Theatre. Countered Schneer, his producing partner, "There's nothing been decided about that." Schneer is considering other properties, among them Lin Carter's THONGOR (see 6:3:28), offered to him by producer Milton Subotsky. Harryhausen hasn't seen it yet.

In early August, after nearly three months of exhausting promotional tours to several countries, Harryhausen embarked on a vacation with his wife Diana and daughter Vanessa, and was not due to return until November.

The first leg of his journey takes him to the Pacific isle of Galapagos, home of many biological oddities, including large dinosaur-like lizards. "They'll probably put me out of business!" he joked. From there, he travels south to Easter Island to view the strange stone monuments of its lost civilization. "I want to visit my Lemurian ancestors," he said.

Associates who know Harryhausen best suggest that the real purpose of his trip may be to scout locations for the surface of Mars instead.

waves nearly capsized our little *Santa Maria!* The commodore, who ran our boat, yelled, 'Come about!' and we went straight back to port. These boats will never leave the harbor again!" he told us. So we had to shoot the storm scene while the boat was tied up at the dock."

To give the effect of a rainstorm, water had to be poured onto the deck. The Barcelona Fire Department had no intention of using fresh water for such a trivial assignment, so they dropped their hoses into the bay.

"Oh God, the harbor in Barcelona!" remembered Mathews. "I had about a 103° temperature and Charlie [Schneer] came up to the hospital and said, 'Come on down for a couple of minutes and do a couple of lines.' So I did and the fire department squirted us with this ghastly water from the bay."

"It was a challenge to shoot the night storm scene on a clear day tied up at the dock," said Juran. "But I think it worked. The water from the bay was terrible! All sorts of sewage and condoms and God-knows-what-else sprayed all over the extras! I think we did give Kerwin, in the close-ups, some clean water in a bucket."

"When we arrived in Majorca by plane, we had one disaster after another!" said Harryhausen. "We'd hired a bunch of lights from Mole-Richardson and the net broke on the deck of the freighter that was transporting them to the island; we lost several of them. When we arrived, there was a misunderstanding, and the company and the camera went one direction, and the prop truck went in *another* direction! It was one of those louse-ups that nobody in particular is to blame for; they just happen. We *had* to shoot because of the tight schedule, and the prop truck was at the other end of the island! So the director and I went back to the woodpile, in the rain, with butcher knives and chopped out swords!"

"Luckily," added Juran, "I'm kind of an old carpenter at heart. This fella had an old saw and we made these prop swords out of some old crates. It looked fine—you can't tell the difference in the long-shot anyway."

Never having learned Spanish, Harryhausen invented a personalized bastardization of the language and English. "I still can't speak Spanish fluently," he admitted with a laugh. "I would add an 'o' to nouns, 'Bring me el pencil-o' and so on. Later, on THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD, we were shooting the interior of the cave, with the Fountain of Destiny, and we wanted mist in back. The fountain was going; the camera was going at 96 frames, and I couldn't think of the word for smoke—*fumo*—all I could think of was to say, 'Mucho smoko! Mucho smoko!' Somebody took me aside and said, 'Do you know what that means?' It has something to do with picking your nose."

Olympic fencing master Enzo Musumeci-Greco played the "skeleton" in the duel between Sinbad and the animated pile of bones, repeating motions and moves with Kerwin Mathews for a black and white version of the battle. Once the parries and thrusts were choreographed and

memorized, Mathews would then repeat the fight, *sans* Greco, battling an invisible opponent. "Kerwin was a master at this form of shadow-boxing, making you believe he saw whatever it was he was fighting," said Harryhausen.

As usual with films, the scene was shot out of continuity: the end of the fight in the "Cave of the Cyclops" was shot on a location in Majorca that Schneer rented for 24 hours. The beginning of the fight, with the rest of the action in Sokurah's castle, was shot later in Madrid using one of the few studio sets in the film. The castle, planned as an exterior, had somewhat unaccountably found itself inside the cave.

Mathews said the triumvirate of Schneer, Harryhausen and Juran, "were really just feeling their way. Ray and Jerry worked together a lot, experimenting and so forth. Schneer watched the clock and the dollars. This first time, everybody was helping each other. The second time out, when I did THE THREE WORLDS OF GULLIVER for them, everything was much more organized."

Talking about Schneer, Mathews added, "He was *always* on the set, something I'd never known before. He's one of those men that, when the chips are down and there's a real emergency, he's the calmest, most organized, most in-charge man in the world. But sometimes, over a little thing, he'd get absolutely incensed! Somebody would do something that would waste two minutes and he'd go crazy. But if someone were obviously hurt or there was a great catastrophe with thousands of dollars at stake, he was cool and collected."

Following location shooting at the various Spanish sites, the English and Americans parted company with the local crew, and flew to Great Britain for three days work at MGM-Elstree. Harryhausen designed the film with a minimum of expensive

bluescreen work, saving these scenes for the few occasions a live character comes between the camera and the animated creature. Small partial sets were erected on the Elstree stage, such as the rock crevice in which Sinbad and Sokurah hide from the Cyclops' fury. The actors stared up at the expanse of blue, imagining the monster.

"Charles gave me a watch at the time," recalled Mathews, "it was engraved 'To Sinbad-C.H.S.' I've still got that, a terribly expensive watch, which hasn't been a moment off since."

The company returned to Hollywood for an odd pick-up shot or two—the interior of the genie's lamp, and Richard Eyer's scenes as the genie—looped over most of the dialogue, and disbanded. During the next year, while Harryhausen completed the monsters and magic, Schneer produced a quick war picture with Mathews, TARAWA BEACHHEAD, and a western directed by Nathan Juran, FACE OF A FUGITIVE.

Back in Los Angeles, Harryhausen and George Lofgren put the finishing touches on the models. Beginning with 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH, Harryhausen now used the quicker foam-injection molding technique on his models, rather than the build-up technique of Delgado. The process wasn't always successful, and Harryhausen baked a half-dozen Cyclopses before one came out right. "Like a cake, they fell in the baking," he told *Argosy* magazine. Packing the armature in the mold with pre-shrunken foam pieces generally solved the problem.

Lofgren, Harryhausen's technical assistant, had worked for him, uncredited, on his previous three features for Charles H. Schneer. Harryhausen got to know Lofgren during their work together on MIGHTY JOE YOUNG, for which Lofgren de-

THE SKELETON SWORDFIGHT OF THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD is rehearsed by Kerwin Mathews with fencing instructor Enzo Musumeci-Greco. Inset: Without the swordmaster Mathews repeated the moves and Harryhausen inserted the skeleton.



vised the realistic fur covering for the stop motion puppets by "rubberizing" the hide of an unborn calf using his own special process. In addition to what taxidermy work Lofgren may have provided Harryhausen (the early films have none), the fact that he was never properly credited or even acknowledged by Harryhausen has fueled speculation that Lofgren did considerably more than fur and feathers. "I'd heard rumors that Lofgren did Ray's models," said stop-motion animator Jon Berg, who met Lofgren once before he died. "I asked him about that and he replied very specifically, 'It was all Ray's work.'"

The loosed-limbed Serpent Woman got genuine boa constrictor skin for her hip and tail. Each size Cyclops was detailed to include rippling muscles, warts, bulging veins and cracked, dried skin. The baby Roc got the Lofgren touch of genuine duck down. Miniatures and partial miniatures—including Sokurah's castle, the isle of Colossa and various swords, shields, spears and cages—were built from plaster, wood, and metal.

Even with Eastman's 5253 color stock, matching animation plates with the rest of the live action was no easy task: the plates lost a generation in the Dynamation process. "There was no stock available specifically for our purposes," said Harryhausen. "We frequently had to flash the more contrasty scenes so the blacks in the plate wouldn't go completely black and lose all detail." Flashing involves exposing the stock to a low-level light before it runs through the printer. This fogs the film slightly so that deep blacks and other dark colors will photograph less as a mass of darkness and more a pattern of light and shadow.

Another trick to boost quality was shooting background plates full aperture. Most live-action films are shot with part of the frame masked off, whether the standard "Academy aperture," or variations used elsewhere. This provides a cut-off on one side of the frame for the addition of the optical sound track, as well as an artistic cut-off around the ungainly frame proportions of 35mm film.

"The larger your negative," said Harryhausen, "the larger the picture is going to be. When we shoot a Dynamation plate, we take off the Academy mask. This cuts down on grain, because you've got that little bit more area. It's a small decrease, perhaps ten percent, but it's noticeable."

On certain scenes—the Sinbad crew at the foot of the Cyclops, for example—Harryhausen further experimented in eliminating grain by use of a moving screen. Since rear-screen rephotography will not only pick up the grain of the plate but also the grain of the translucent screen, Harryhausen broke up the screen pattern. "I used a moving screen, or spinning screen, or whatever you call it," he said. "It entails moving the screen—in a way I won't explain—so it's not in the same position for every frame you shoot."

During the latter stages of animation—for the baby Roc scenes—Harryhausen allowed 18-year-old Jim Danforth to visit the studio. Like Har-



Harryhausen animates the Dragon in his tabletop lair for **THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD**. Inset: Harryhausen shot bluescreen traveling mates of his actors in London to composite Sinbad and his princess into the set-up, built in Los Angeles. Never before had mythological creatures been brought to the screen with the realism of stop motion. The film was a hit, and so was Harryhausen, at 38.



ryhausen, Danforth had been inspired mostly by **KING KONG**. And like Harryhausen, Danforth was quick to learn from a master: he later used Harryhausen's Dynamation technique—conveniently explained by Harryhausen in a lengthy interview in *Argosy*—on **JACK, THE GIANT KILLER**. Many people have assumed that Harryhausen developed his well-known penchant for secrecy as a direct result of Danforth's precocious effort.

"Jim was a very wide-awake young man," Harryhausen said, "and he obviously observed very carefully. But I had no desire to hide what I was doing from anyone. They just never put into practice. I have no resentment about it. Magazines like yourself might like to create a situation where it looks like we're at each other's throats. You gave that impression in Volume 6 Number 2 [devoted to **SINBAD AND THE EYE OF THE TIGER**], and it was an elaboration that was completely fiction!"

"I let many young men come in and observe," Harryhausen added, "because when I started out, there was no kindred soul, no one to discuss this with. I'd just seen **KING KONG** and I couldn't find out anything. That's why I go around to colleges and discuss these things. There were people before Jim and people after Jim. He was one of the few fans to stick with it, and made it a profession. And, of course, we ended up working together on **CLASH OF THE TITANS**."

The technique of splitting the screen, inserting the model, and patching the screen back together dated back to Harryhausen's earliest

films. But the splits in **THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD** were not always in the obvious place—a nice bit of legerdemain. The simplest way to matte off a section is along a vertical or horizontal plane. But the Dynamation technique often splits through unlikely places. Using a magician's technique of misdirection, Harryhausen eliminates some of the boundaries we subconsciously expect between puppet and person.

Once the months of animation were finished, Schneer talked composer Bernard Herrmann into watching the rough cut. Instead of his usual disparaging remarks, Herrmann agreed something could be done with the film. "I think," said Schneer, "though Bernard always disagreed, that his score for the film was the best he ever did for us."

The film's visual beauty and poetry belie its low cost. Various quotes on its expense have been bandied about: \$1 million being the most common, \$2 million stated in *Argosy*. The more accurate negative cost is about \$630,000. But whatever the cost, the film was the most satisfying Arabian adventure since **THIEF OF BAGDAD** in 1940, and excels even that classic in technical effects.

The skeleton swordfight sequence is remarkable and innovative, but somehow lacked the sense of the horrific that it might have had. "No doubt about that," said Harryhausen. "We were not trying to make a horror picture. Had we tried for a truly horrifying, frightening sequence, we would have lost a great number of children from our audience." As it was, the censor in Britain cut the

sequence on the picture's initial release, though it was restored years later.

Another scene cut from the film—this by the film's editor—was a clip of the dragon munching on one of Sinbad's men. Harryhausen has always been reluctant to show too much blood on the screen. "I'll paint a drop or two, perhaps," he said. "But there is no reason to be so realistic and graphic that things get disgusting."

THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD was a groundbreaking film. Never before had dimensional animation been used to bring mythical beasts to life in a feature film. Unfortunately, the live action lacked this same magic dimension and the film suffered. Writer Robert Bloch, a friend of Harryhausen's and a great fan of the film, quipped, "I would just as soon see a good animated model take the place of Kerwin Mathews. It'd be a great improvement in acting technique." A cutting comment, but with a touch of truth that Kerwin Mathews would probably agree with. "It was only my second picture," Mathews explained, "and I think it showed. But I think the film could have been better done. With the tricks and things, they had so much potential power."

Columbia Pictures promoted the film well in its 1968 release. It went on to earn nearly \$6 million at the boxoffice worldwide, more than justifying its higher costs. It also set the pattern for most of the Schneer-Harryhausen films to follow. □

To be continued in a future issue:
"The Ray Harryhausen Story"
The Golden Age: 1959-1969

LETTERS



NOVELIZATION NO-NO

Concerning the article "Nine days in Cimmeria" by Paul M. Sammon [11:3:16], your readers should know that Lin Carter wrote the first draft of the CONAN movie tie-in novel, I the second, and my wife Catherine Crook de Camp the final draft—not Don Glut as reported in the story. Mr. Sammon was misinformed. The de Camp-Carter right to compose this novel is based upon contracts long antedating the involvement of Messrs. De Laurentiis, Milius, et al. At this time the galley proofs have been corrected, and it is intended the book appear concurrently with the movie.

Otherwise I found Mr. Sammon's article very interesting, the more so since my wife and I were unable to go ourselves to Spain to view the sets, because of the pressure in completing the novelization on schedule.

L. Sprague de Camp
Villanova, Pennsylvania

MORE CONAN, LESS SAMMON

Your last issue has to be one of the worst issues I've read. The article on CONAN [11:3:16] was so poorly written, I only read it because I'm a loyal Conan fan. Paul Sammon was more interested in the trip he took than with the people involved with the movie. He writes that he interviewed someone for an hour and a half then only comes up with a short paragraph about what the person said. Then, he had to describe where he ate dinner, what he ate, and who he ate with. I could care less about that crap. I could also care less about the date everyone was born on, which Sammon seemed intent on telling us. He should have gone over his "journal" and edited out the redundancy.

Todd Reynolds
Jerico Springs, Montana

We thought it would be nice to focus on the personal side of movie making, and when we were offered an opportunity to spend some time on location with the cast and crew of CONAN, we jumped at the chance. Subsequent arti-

cles by Paul Sammon will feature an in-depth look at how the film was made, but for now, we thought it best to present this unusual glimpse behind-the-scenes. Reader opinion, as you'll note, was divided.

MUCHAS GRACIAS

The nine-day diary compiled by Paul M. Sammon devoted to the upcoming CONAN film was *excellente*. The article succeeded in increasing my agonizing desire to view the final work. What a hardship to have to wait so long. By the way, Paul, I understand how you felt about Sandahl Bergman. I fell in love with her midway through the article.

Frank Lastra
Miami, Florida

IS THERE A PHYSICS MAJOR IN THE HOUSE?

I'd have to agree with readers who have written in complaining that some of the film reviews are far too critical. Now, one of your reviewers has hit an all time low and exposed himself as being totally incompetent. In Steven Dimeo's review of OUTLAND [11:3:47], he criticizes the use of shotguns in space. Mr. Dimeo, since he knows nothing about oxidizers, is probably next going to state that rocket engines can't work in space because there isn't any air to push against. It honestly amazes me that anyone so technically ignorant has the audacity to proclaim himself a critic of science fiction movies. Why not replace him with someone who can handle the job?

Frank Calloway
Loveland, Colorado

Steven Dimeo responds: It is unlikely that a conventional shotgun would operate properly in a vacuum, though a shotgun might, in fact, be able to function with considerable modifications. However, the kind of ammunition and weapon on view is a regular breech-load shotgun, whose only apparent alteration is a truncated muzzle. Incidentally, in a vacuum the shot would fan out and travel unimpeded until striking some architectural, topographical or human obstruction. Such indiscriminate destruction would, by itself, make the practicality of a sawed-off shotgun dubious at best.

Of course, all this is rather academic. It's a little like asking how long it would take Ronald Reagan to consume 1,000 jelly beans on the surface of Saturn. Any reasonable person knows he'd never be there in the first place.

NO MATTER HOW YOU SLICE IT, IT'S BEEN DONE BEFORE

I was taken aback by Carl Fullerton's description of a deleted makeup effect for FRIDAY THE 13TH—PART II [11:2:48], involving the skewering of

two lovers, as "something that had never been seen before." This same effect can be viewed uncut in Mario Bava's ANTEFATTO (1971), released here as TWITCH OF THE DEATH NERVE, as two love-makers are skewered with a thrust of a mariner's spear. I can't believe that director Steve Miner would be unaware of his film's debt to ANTEFATTO—considering the creative role he played in the making of LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT—since Bava's film was exploited in a 1974 re-release as LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT—PART II.

Tim Lucas
Cincinnati, Ohio

BUT THEY LIKE US JUST THE WAY WE ARE

CINEFANTASTIQUE has a sense of wonder but a lousy sense of direction. For the most part, you delve not into insight but special effects and "scoops" which are very lavish and will sell, but are quite superficial. I don't find imaginative vistas thinking about the workings of a panaflex camera or about the latest sfx processes. I long for some material that will be devoted to the story, characters, and theme of a film.

You have printed other letters complaining about your faults, but what amazes me is that *nothing has changed!* You go right on doing just what your readership has requested you not to do. You gave away just about all that AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON had to offer in terms of plot and special effect

surprises, and a good deal of the happenings in GHOST STORY and HEART BEEPS. Had I not seen WOLFEN in time, that film would have been spoiled, too. Whetting my appetite is fine, but your magazine spoils my supper much too often.

Doug Vorisek
Matawan, New Jersey

How much technical coverage is too much? It's a question readers have been asking—and we've been asking ourselves—for a long time. Recently, we conducted a subscriber survey, in which we posed that very question: 33% of the readers who responded said they wanted to read even more technical coverage; 52% said they wanted about the same amount; and only 19% asked to have less emphasis on special effects. We'll be conducting another survey soon, in which we'll pose the question again. It's not that we're unresponsive to the criticisms voiced by some readers, we just don't always agree with them.

IS CINEFANTASTIQUE A CAPITALISTIC TOOL?

In my opinion, you have no interest in the true qualities of the cinema—only in promoting schlocky films with about as much integrity as the scandal sheets. I realized the end was near when you devoted a double issue to FORBIDDEN PLANET [8:2/8:3], which had already been featured in a previous retrospective. The reason obviously was to promote the film for MGM, as it is now appearing on pay TV nationwide, not to encourage



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viewer enthusiasm.

Since then, your magazine has been singing the praises of the grossest, most disgusting films imaginable, hitting an all-time low with the David Cronenberg issue [10:4]. To promote this man, who saturates his films with the most unbearable, stomach-churning gore, is more than even devout fans of the genre can accept. I think you should be more active in criticizing bad films—such as the slasher flicks—by ignoring them, not analyzing them.

If you were to devote, say, 10 pages per issue to the rediscovery of silent fantasy films (such as *THE STUDENT OF PRAGUE*, *WOMAN IN THE MOON*, *THE LOST WORLD* and *CAT AND THE CANARY*), the magazine would be less of an unendurable experience. As it is now, you devote entire issues (sometimes two) to special effects which are poorly done, although expensive. And it turns out the films are so extremely bad, they don't even deserve one column to describe their failures (*THE BLACK HOLE*, *ALTERED STATES*, *SALEM'S LOT*, *THE OMEN*, etc.).

CINEFANTASTIQUE has the power to do some good for the film enthusiast, or it can shirk its responsibility by promoting schlocky films for the money-mad film conglomerates, using the magazine to increase film industry profits. Take your pick: exploit young, impressionable viewers with corporate PR rather than educate them as to the origins of the genre, or try to raise industry standards to previous tasteful, intelligent levels with the power of the pen.

Ted O'Brien
San Diego, California

AN APOLOGY TO WILLIAM TUTTLE

In my comments about *THE FURY* [11:1:40], I said I had heard stories of Bill Tuttle "generally bad-mouthing Baker and myself" and I made disparaging remarks about Bill in response.

After the issue appeared, Bill phoned and discussed it with me. He was such a gentleman about it that I began to question my own conduct. Subsequent inquiries revealed that the "stories" I had believed were without foundation.

I realize now that my comments were wrong and unkind and I sincerely apologize to Bill. He is, as always, a fine gentleman and a great artist.

Dick Smith
Larchmont, New York

SIGN UP HERE FOR THE LUIGI COZZI FAN CLUB

In a world of sky-rocketing production costs and a faceless grey bureaucracy which is only interested in the bottom line, a filmmaker with the unending enthusiasm for the genre that Luigi Cozzi has [11:3:8] is a delight. I mean absolutely no offense, but I really think we should adopt him as mascot. In these days of *STAR WARS* and *SUPERMAN*, Cozzi's

still in there slugging—rather like the Chicago Bears.

Stephen Montalvo
San Antonio, Texas

PUT IT ALL TOGETHER AND IT SPELLS: SICK

I have never seen anything so disgracefully bad as *MOTHER'S DAY*. This movie makes fun of rape, which I feel has to be one of the sickest things possible. Everything about the film was shoddy. But to my amazement, David Bartholomew's review [11:3:52] was praiseworthy. I thought you had enough class to knock this film into a dank hole where it deserves to rot.

Paul Lanner
Staten Island, New York

CORRECTIONS:

In Volume 11 Number 2, we mistakenly described the French magazine *Metal Hurlant* as defunct. It has, in fact, just published its 68th issue. In addition, our review of *FOR YOUR EYES ONLY* [11:3:51] was wrongly attributed to Tim Lucas. It was actually written by David J. Hogan.

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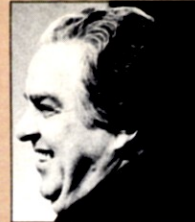
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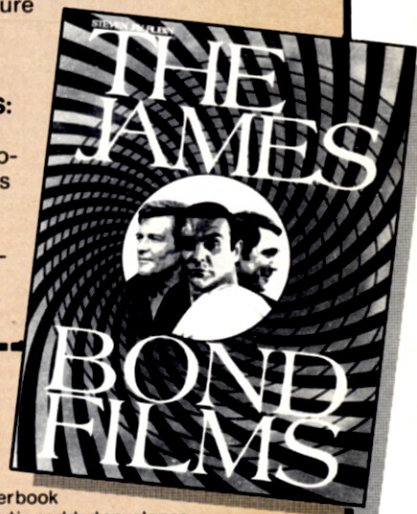
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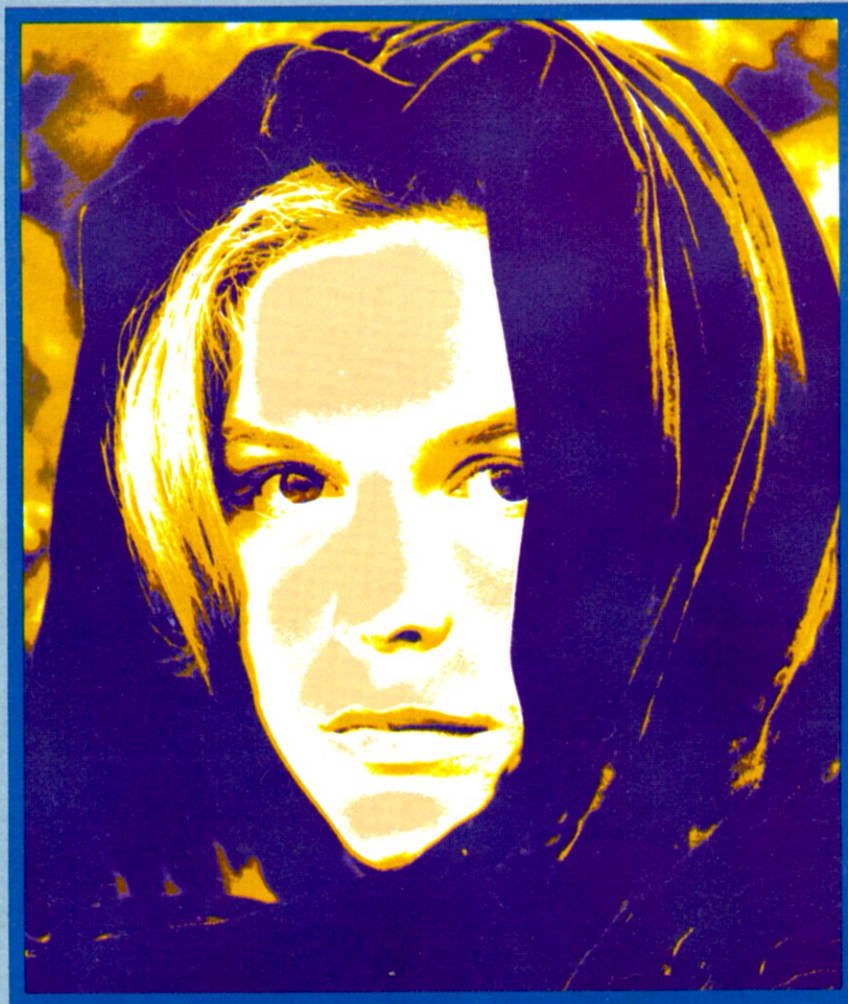
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